



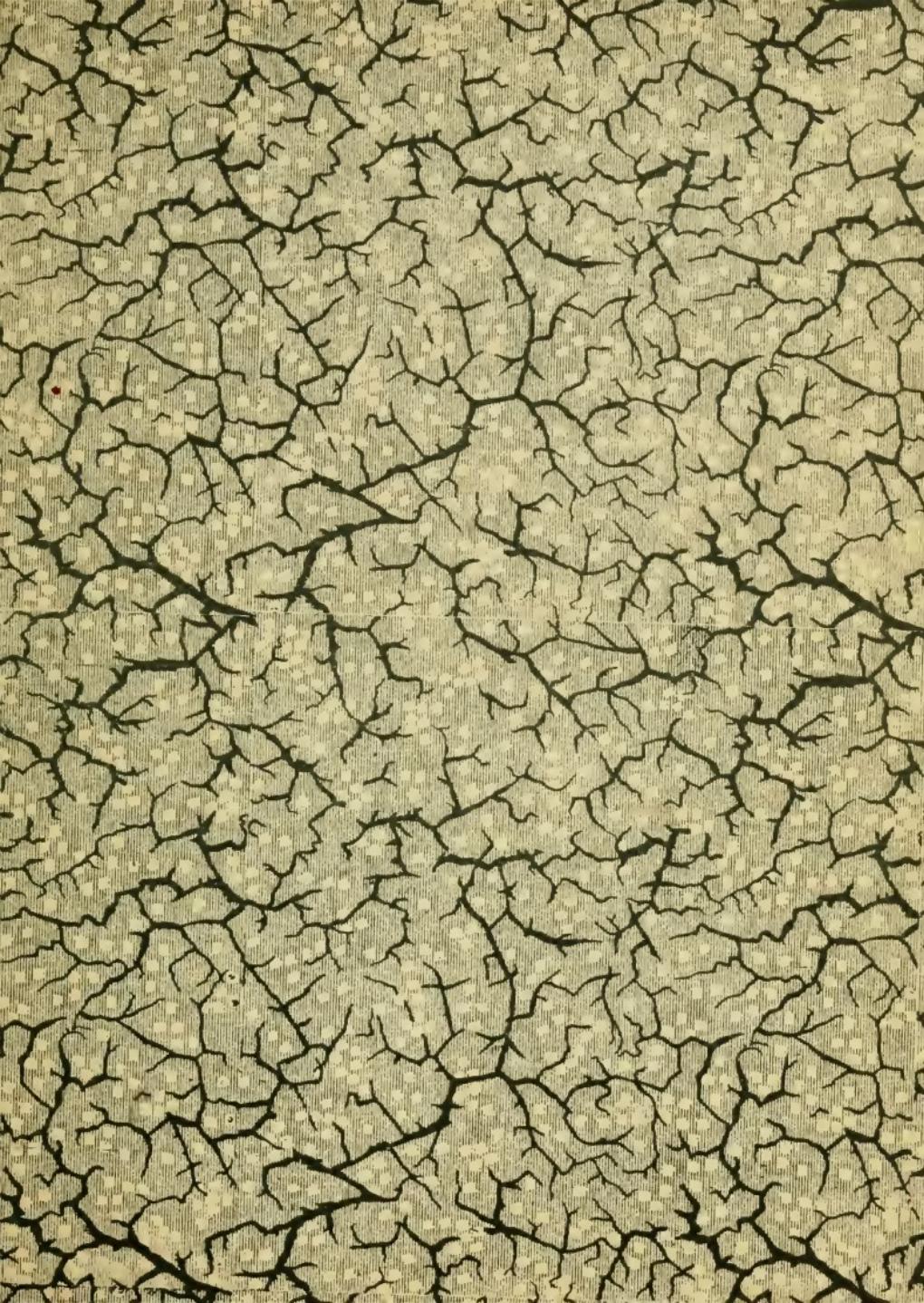
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Faithfully —
Mary E. Lillotson.

POEMS
ON MISCELLANEOUS TOPICS,
PRODUCED AT BRIEF INTERVALS,
AS IS THE POET'S USUAL METHOD.

33

—BY—

MARY E. TILLOTSON.



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DEDICATION.

TO MY SON, RAY S. TILLOTSON,

I GLADLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

Having inherited a taste for Poetic Literature, his thought and feeling come nearer mine in these promiscuous Poems than in my other productions.

Hence he will value them, I trust, as a partial mirror of
his mother's mind and life labors; and as a
Gift of her sympathy and cease-
less affection.

M. E. TILLOTSON.

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PREFACE.

In publishing these Miscellaneous Poems my first care is to preserve them in convenient form for my family. Relatives and special friends may cherish them as Blossoms of my Sentiments, Love, Duty and Solicitude, opening along my lifepath, from youth onward, amid earnest Prose Works seeking Integral Improvement, and various manual labors. Yet, I would not care to so preserve them, did I not believe they inculcate true philosophy, appeal to the best motives in human nature; and, while tending to rectify false usages and ideas, carry incentives to high resolves, assuaging influences to sorrow, and welcome hopes of continuance of life and progress in which all may attain to happiness when ashamed of selfish schemes that darken and depress this sphere.

In compiling I have arranged pieces earliest written in the First Part, and probably inserted some that will mainly interest the young; yet, as such, need not displease the general reader.

Mental activity, taking the line of desire for reliable truth, sought to make the acquisition conducive of worthful advancement for all whom my influence might reach.

Believing life need not be so laden with ills—that humanity need not be so slow to practicalize what mental evolution had long made evident, I yearned for accelerated endeavor. The knowledge that fraud, avarice and vice were preying on the integrity of all institutions, and of personal habits down to those of the child, ever stimulated my investigations and moral efforts. Eventful experience following my progress aided in vitalizing a benificent zeal, and poising a peaceful vivacity, life's grateful elixir.

These, and life's best usefulness and comforts, could not have been preserved had spite for base inflictions been harbored in my breast.

However various the causes uniting to yield the calmness buoying my spirit above trial, through persecution, and utilizing emotion in musical rhythm, I have been reconciled to the lessons, and enjoyed singing thoughts into measures, hoping they would allay sadness in others, and inspire courage.

Still, an assurance is indulged that the exercise bestowed on them in occasional relaxation from graver reform labors will be of use in dispensing some truths that may be instructive to serious students in life's complex school.

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PART FIRST.

EARLY RESEARCH
AND
INCIPIENT PHILOSOPHY.

COMPRISING SEVENTY-FIVE PAGES.

EARTH'S RAYS.

Dear light of the morning, revealer of rays,
'Tis thou that inspirest with gladness and praise ;
Emerging from shade to shed sapphire-domed days,
Gems greet us if skyward or earthward we gaze.

No marvel that man erst a sun-god devised ;
Yet strange that he made a dark demon despised ;
For night's rest and sleep were needs savages prized ;
Tho' round worlds with shade sides were wonders
[disguised.

But this is an unwelcome branch of my theme—
Still, Ignorance darkens where theocrats dream.
Our oracle, Nature, speaks joy in each beam,
And Reason responds, rays are truths, as they seem.

We dance in delight as dew-stars on the flowers,
And sing in our souls with gay birds in the bowers ;
Intelligence flowing in eye-rays like showers, [hours,
Says happy and good life should grow these bright
And, sages evolving, become earth's high powers.

Each laugh was as the knell's loud pealing,
And sorely jarred its wild vibrations ;
Most radiant eyes bespoke sad feeling,
Tho' lips were rife with light relations ;
And music's thrilling strains came stealing
In sickly sounds, all nothing worth,
Upon the wounded sense, revealing
How vain th' attempt to soothe by mirth.

There could he learn how rich the blessing
Of calm contentment void of pride ;
Even if but one friend possessing,
Whose tireless truth deeds ne'er denied.
Then seek not Fashion's false caressing,
Time-serving popularity ;
But artless goodness aye expressing
The bosom's boundless charity.

When merry, list the lyre's resounding,
'Mid innocent hilarity :
When sad, let sages meek, surrounding,
Address in terms of gravity.
Grief and Mirth jointly abounding,
Make discord and disparity
Strange as the tones, alternate sounding,
Of pureness and depravity.

THE SCROLL THAT WRAP'T A TRESS.

My more than friend ;
Untiring, frank and fearless couldst thou brave
The slanderer's reproach the wronged to save,
Their rights defend.

I wish thee cheer !
For thou couldst hush Suspicion's rending tone ;
My peace and honor make dear as thine own :
Thou shouldst be dear.

Forever rest
Upon thy head some chosen, blessed spell ;
For merited thou hast, timely and well,
The rich behest.

And to express
Duly the gratitude that never dies,
Needs but to tell how tenderly I prize
This ebon tress.

ANGUISH AND PEACE.

'Tis Anguish to confront the eye
 Of cold pretense—
The scathing sneer that "gives the lie"
 To Innocence—
To hear the selfish, scorning lip
 Our truth dispute
In terms like, "graceless hypocrite,
 Thou'd best be mute."

'Tis Peace to know our glance returned
 No spiteful dart—
That rash jeers met the glow that burned
 On guiltless heart—
That the false charge, hypocrisy,
 Roused no contempt—
Our offences never meant to be,
 Our sins unmeant.

To have in others' hopeless woes
 Our bliss entombed,
And by their deep despairing throes
 Our rest consumed—
To feel earth's dearest treasure lost,
 And when we weep,
Know not whose sorrow sinks us most,
 Is Anguish deep.

To soon forget the wrongs we bear,
Our foes forgive—
To lull our sobs in labor's prayer,
And while we live
Shun sordid aims, and straying friends
By love redeem—
To know all anguish duly ends,
Is Peace supreme.

MET, LOVED, AND PARTED.

We Met in youth, the sunny world was fair;
No deep regrets annoyed, no weary care:
The fragrant buds and blossoms, joy's sweet tissue,
Awhile were fresh, but blessings ceased to issue.

We Loved, if passions that, uncherished, last;
That load the present with the mystic past,
And cloud the future with the trite old theme,
Be termed that endless and transforming dream.

We Parted, if to dwell in different climes
Disjunction be; but if most changeful times
Dissolve not blendings, nor erase unnumbered
Memories that have not fled nor slumbered—
If this be union, then are we not sundered.

PLAINTIVE RESIGNATION.

Sweet June brings songs on wings 'mid bloom and
sun rays warm, [form ;
But 'mid her flaunting stores is missed one beaming
Missed eyes that rival morn's blue deeps and opal
And list I vainly for one melody to rise. [skies,

But soul-ears hold some tones they will not let depart ;
Soul-retinas some dyes rich as the rosebud's heart ;
Soul-tablets keep the portraiture love ever paints.
(Wonder if time vouchsafes mature-class duplicates.)

Misgivings strange entangle sometimes truest minds ;
Who shall be judge if Fate be good or ill that blinds ?
I sought my reason's best, the choice not to repent,
But when I bade adieu mine was the banishment.

Still better thus for aye than doubtful guide to heed ;
Perchance lone discipline most buoyant spirits need :
Storms ravish half the flowers, trials, 'tis found, are
friends ;
My plaint is not regret, howe'er the story ends.

I M P R O M P T U .

This morn a pleasure ride passed by ;
'Twas joy to view young happy features—
Gaze back few years to scenes where I
Was merriest of merry creatures.

Without a pang of sore regret
I took the rapid retrospection ;
Smiled on the views I'd fain forget,
Whose shadows cloud the recollection.

Hearts, social, gentle, genial, kind,
From various converse gather pleasure ;
When well employed, the fertile mind
Alone supplies contentment's treasure.

There is a calm experience learned,
Which giddy souls mistake for sadness ;
There is a quiet patience earned,
More precious far than noisy gladness.

They say I'm changed—that o'er my brow
A different heaven seems to hover—
That themes and sports I name not now
Which blest me in my seventeenth summer.

How little heed they that much more
I love earth's smiles and songs and beauties ;
Or that my cup of joy runs o'er
While singing thro' life's sober duties.

But lighter fall the hours to-day
Than when I gave the crowd attendance,
And went with bounding heart away
On the glad morn of Independence.

July 4th, 1844.

MISS M. A. B.

If half my wishes for thy happiness
Be realized, thy lengthened life shall be
A drama charmed, for faithful friends shall bless
Thy every hour, and tho' Time's fitful sea
May heave its billows, threat'ning tempests dark,
Safely shall glide thy ever-buoyant bark.

Fair Science shall illume thy gladsome way ;
Discretion light each vista Hope descries ;
Truth, hallowed basis, be thy spirit's stay
Where'er thy cheery vessel moors or flies.
Nought less than this can I for thee implore ;
Be granted this, and Life demands no more.

THE TENDER HEART.

The fortress strong that foes surround
Must tremble in the cannon's sound ;
Be scarred, tho' it repel the power
Of dauntless Bravery's iron shower.
So, like the tower by war upcast,
The breast, formed for endurance vast,
Is far too fragile to withstand
Unmoved the woes on every hand—
To firmly meet the sable surge
That ills successive 'round it urge.
From sorrow's fount the pleading moan
Commands its gifts in mighty tone—
If scenes of pain the eye assail,
Or tongues pathetic tell the tale—
If untaught pathos, low in name,
Destruction's ravages proclaim ;
Or lettered scrolls from distance bear
Records of torture or despair ;
Alike subduing is the wail,
Potent to bid its calmness quail.
It joys with all who pleasure know,
And grieves with every child of woe :

To-day basks 'neath resplendent skies,
And nymphs of bliss around it rise—
To-morrow brings the rumbling cloud,
With frenzied Fates in mourning bowed.
It gladly gives of all its store,
And sighs for means to succor more :
And so lives on, perchance long years ;
Now warmed in smiles, now chilled in tears ;
Till probed too deep, it needs must fall,
Full vanquished, like the crumbling wall
Which long resists, but yields at length
To the besieger's skill and strength.

"REMEMBER MY ALBUM."

Truth above words and creeds
Beams, the bright sun of life—
When its light glows in deeds,
Peace chases sin and strife.
Lizzie, my spirit pleads
For thine this best of meeds.

WE MET AGAIN.

'Twas Fate—we met again—
Five long years intervening
Left links of Love's lax chain
On Friendship's pillars gleaming.

Yet both hearts then were blest
To calmly bear the greeting—
Simply our hands caressed,
While smiles were welcomes speaking.

That o'er thy features strayed
The signet sweet of rest,
Light above waning shade,
By general weal expressed—

That absence could divide,
And foreign realms and seas
Restore thee safely tried,
Was more than joy : 'twas ease.

The bloom wreath on thy cheek
Could faltering doubts dispel ;
Health's beaming brow could speak
Tranquillity so well—

So well retained thine eye
The full glow youth's zeal wore,
My soul should pain deny,
Though mine were bright no more.

That Time's mixed lavish wealth
Thy mental tumult stills,
Crowns my content by stealth ;
And Peace her chalice fills.

If from thy sphere have flown
The yearning needs of heart,
The vacant fields of brain,
Regrets from mine depart.

If night can hush thy thought
In slumber's soothing shades,
I'll smile though morning light
My sleepless orbs pervades.

That one as true and dear
My image can supplant,
Is richest truce to fear,
And greatest wish doth grant.

'Tis bliss to learn thy spouse
Thou lovest tenderly—
Most highly her I prize
For just adoring thee.

Thou'l foster each soul tie
Thy blent joys long to save;
And ne'er repeat a sigh
That once a heart I gave.

Yet gave can scarcely say;
Its tale to tell in brief,
It proved a runaway,
Or thou its elfin thief.

As princely Absalom
Stole with sweet word and smile,
So thou; but not, like him,
With bosom breathing guile.

A tremor thrilled my frame,
Like shaken branch, to hear
Thy daughter bore my name;
I heard with inner ear.

Thy kiss on her young cheek
Will *mean* anon for me—
Thou'l knowledge for her seek,
Kindly, devotedly.

Oft shall I hear her whisper,
Feel the sphere of her mother,
Whom now I deem a sister,
As ever thou a brother.

The romance of the real
Grows intricate with time;
O'ertakes the bold ideal,
And both become sublime.

To miss a maiden's hand
Made drear a native shore;
Then bloom-enchanted land
Supplied the loss, and more.

O'erpaid in precious love,
Enriched in genial clime;
Warm skies, bird songs above;
All happy prospects chime.

May clustered virtues make
Thy life a halcyon dream,
Calm as the placid lake,
Blithe as the rippling stream.

For me, what powers are fain
Hope to relume and stay,
Give action to sustain,
Courage to ope the way?

My life its cheer instills
Where sorrow seeks its balm;
The void no friend refills,
The fount can but be calm.

No laughter stirs my blood ;
Because I will, I smile ;
My moods assume the staid ;
They're not *just me* the while.

To chase clouds that beset
Smiles are not always lent ;
Those given when last we met
A world could not prevent.

And when thou didst depart
Again I smiled adieu ;
Beneath that light the heart
Suppression's shadow threw.

Our times teach to dissemble,
As if life's laws were shames—
Emotion may not tremble—
What eyes tell take no names—

Nor words with memory turn
To times when joy or pain
For blessings ceased to yearn,
Or struggled rest to gain.

Away, pale Charm, away !
Too long thou'st held the wand ;
But Mind cannot obey
When Will cannot command.

Could search obtain, or plea—
Mind's balanced rest be given ;
Long since had both been free,
Self-thrall had been self-riven.

Thou'st triumphed well, in sooth,
And pledged the golden gem
For friendship's hallowed truth,
Life's richest diadem.

Now bask in peace and health,
In usefulness and power ;
The potent boon of wealth,
Love, beauty, be thy dower.

Remembrance, softly stray
From bounty's blissful lot
To scenes long past away,
Becalmed and dreaded not.

I see and fully feel,
Love is not understood ;
Its cure is possible,
Its influence should be good.

But none instruct the young,
Or aid them when bereaved—
Bards of the pangs have sung,
As fated ills believed.

They come of ignorance ;
 Earth should ere now have learned
 The care of innocence,
 Its miseries mocked and spurned.

If I overcome the throes,
 And learn to talk or write,
 I'll tell the world these woes
 Its ablest helps invite.

Now, soft, my soul ! ne'er verge
 Gloom's always noxious vapor ;
 Shun Grief's miasmal surge ;
 Snatch Truth's clear guiding taper ;
 And in its light serene
 Thy search begin anew
 In Wisdom's valleys green,
 And Reason's mountains true.

TWENTY YEARS LATER.

Resolves that closed this gush
 Of thoughts old usage chiding,
 Made haste with healing rush
 'Gainst influence erst presiding.
 Vigils to studies turned,
 Mind traced results and causes—
 Clearer life's histories learned,
 Their untaught parts and pauses.

ON RECEIVING A BOOK.

Thanks for thy sign, *safe home*, dear Hugh ;
A sacred souvenir life through ;
No other friend, howe'er sincere,
Could speak o'er seas with voice so clear.

Full sails have sped it from thy hand
To mine in this thy first loved land ;
It came at sunset, and its light
Makes this long eve a morning bright.

Pleased o'er its leaves I oft will linger ;
Not turned, I trust, with trembling finger :
Its lines that paint love's tender joys
Will teach, tho' tell not, life's alloys.

And if anon some tears may fall,
These pages shall escape them all :
Their silent flow deep truths to speak, .
May stain, but must not pale my cheek.

Ruins of Tyre, its frontispiece,
With crumbling columns—desolate !
I'd more have prized when hope erst failed,
When love besought, and truth prevailed.

Lorn pilgrims sigh o'er Tyrus' dust;
Her gold, her gems, all treasures lost—
Her proud renown and beauty sleeps,
Which History mourns and Memory weeps.

Memory! a blessing, oft a curse—
The fusing flame of youth's crude verse,
Can bless with scatt'ring spots of green,
And curse with motley wastes between.

They change, they pass, dim scenes turn bright,
Dark shadows yield to forms of light—
So burdened breasts joy scarce beguiles,
Shall after know the bliss of smiles.

May countless gifts on thee descend,
Thy wishes and best labors blend;
Adjust them ever by the right,
And peace shall pave thy path. Good-night.

AFFLICITION'S EFFICIENT PLEA.

Supreme Assistance, knowest thou
The many wrongs that round me press ;
The many griefs that cloud my brow ;
The burdened bosom's deep distress ;
The throes which long abuse has nursed ;
The pains that prompt these many moans ;
The overwhelming sighs that burst ;
Like gusts that swell the tempest's tones ?

Long has the chill and changeless frown
Of seeming fate and enmity,
From depths come up, from lofts looked down,
And from its threat I cannot flee ;
Unless, Great Goodness light the way,
Point the safe path, and lead me on ;
Deign this, or the weak spirit stay
Till the dark visages are gone.

Beholdest all some sleepless eyes,
While tireless powers guard and uphold ?
'Tis writ one glance thro' all worlds flies,
And scans each creature's curious mould—
One hand feeds all the fowls of air—
And tho' they neither toil nor spin,
Makes the frail lilies' robes more fair
Than wisest, wealthiest kings' have been.

Howe'er it be about one power
To temper winds to lambkins' need,
A higher help than earth's, this hour
I feel unto my plaint gives heed.
This will I bare my soul before ;
Be it good spirit, friend, or saint ;
And seek true guidance thro' and o'er
My youthful journey, while I'm faint.

Teach, then, my mind to trust thy care,
Whate'er of wrong and ill betide—
To feel when miseries come to share
Its joys, an angel walks beside.
Why have I ever questioned aught
Of blessings blindness could not trace ?
Hearts may be probed to chasten thought,
And fit them for refining grace.

When waves of sorrow round me dash,
As surges round the quaking isle ;
And thunderbolts of Malice crash
On either hand, and heaven the while,
Veiled in a gathering, gloomy pall,
By cruel hands in rashness spread,
Seems not to shed its smiles, and all
Who cheered my life the shade has fled—

When these, and all the piercing pangs
They bring, exert their darkling powers ;
And countless woes, with adder fangs,
Fall thick as drops in autumn showers ;
Oh, teach the worn and weary soul
Its dread and wan despair to cease !
Make firm the spirit to control,
Buoyed by the patient prayer for peace !

Inspiring Aid, be gracious still ;
Succor and cheer the stricken child,
Who fain would learn the wisest will,
And do its works with feelings mild.
E'en now mine orisons have broke
The shadows dim the light that veiled,
And made reliant 'neath the stroke
The heart that, *silent*, shrunk and failed.

The sombre mists break and recede,
Which froze the face of Pleasure's stream ;
The prisoned soul is almost freed
By strengthened trust and Hope's fresh gleam ;
The zenith of its scope is bright,
And angels there sweet anthems swell ;
Clouds drift before the rushing light—
Thus may Truth fraud and fear dispel.

PERSISTENT LOVE.

Two met in youth,
And round each other fondly wreathed
Love's garlands green, and mutual breathed
Their vows of truth.

A transient calm
Along their paths its daisies threw,
While halcyon gales as steady blew
An air of balm,

But soon arose
The fatal winds of Malice dire ;
And o'er them burst Hate's cloud of ire,
Surcharged with woes.

All bliss was o'er :
The stricken breasts could only grieve ;
But burning tears could not relieve,
No fate restore.

Yet, they could part—
He sought for peace in wedlock's band,
And to another gave his hand
Without his heart.

She too, to gain
The rest that erst her bosom knew,
Its hopes upon another threw ;
Alas, how vain !

The impress made
By first affection held its place ;
No after-stamp could that erase,
 No curtain shade.

They met again,
But with unmoved and frigid look ;
Dissembling nature would not brook
 A trace of pain.

Indignant pride,
High mounting to the brow and cheek,
Essayed of present joy to speak,
 The truth to hide.

Hath aught decreed
That thus hearts strive with inner shock—
Cause outer signs their throbs to mock,
 And secret bleed ?

Can issue wrong
When lovers part, if friendship still
Serenely flows, a tuneful rill,
 Their lives along ?

Philosophy
May teach the mind her sapient laws ;
But its own rules Affection draws
 Instinctively.

Thus far I wrought
Some thirty years belike ago—
Another strain I now bestow,
 Another thought.

Magnetic law
Tells how the subtle ties are bound,
Which possibly may be unwound,
 And leave no flaw.

Wisdom calls friends
To cheer the soul within the thrall,
And break the rapport physical,
 Which sorrow ends.

This, Reason pleads,
Teach children Love's modes and intents,
Ere Time realities presents—
 Then wise their deeds.

Now Science comes—
Sinks Cupid-myth in mythic Styx—
Shames Vice, helps Use true altars fix
 In Love's Sweet Homes.

Philosophy
Is Law discovered and applied,
Which Mind endows all Love to guide
 Harmoniously.

MOTHER MOODS.

The mother has a lasting Solace found,
When cheerful offspring smile her hearth around ;
If filial love by them be duly prized,
She has a joy worth all she's sacrificed.

The mother has a nameless Woe endured
When Time hath reaped the flower her care matured ;
Swept its fair petals from her fostering breast,
And gathered them to earth's long silent rest.

The mother has a precious Hope obtained
When Faith sees heaven her treasure dear has gained ;
A cheering prospect stills the fruitless sigh,
For brighter beams her blossom 'neath some sky.

The mother who still folds some Buds below,
A double blessedness in life may know ;
Those that remain support her quenchless love,
While those transplanted bask in homes above.

The mother holds a sunny Ringlet dear,
And 'mong her darlings fondly cherished here ;
Admires its lustre, bids sublime thoughts soar
To the pure cherub that the beauty bore.

Perchance a well-worn toy, or Fairy shoe,
A gleeful Baby clasped the long day thro',
She choicely hoards, tho' smiles have dried her tears,
For mother mem'ries languish not with years.

THE IMAGE OF DEATH—A CONTRAST.

It came in childhood, like the ruthless form
Of raving demon 'mid the rushing storm :
It came with visage frowning vengeance dire,
And flashing eyes of red, sulphuric fire ;
With poison dripping from the reeking blade
Its right, relentless arm in triumph swayed.
With gesture stern, vindictive deed to fit,
The left hand pointed to the lurid pit
Where wailing souls were held, despairing hosts,
By one fell fiend who made their pains his sports.
Its ponderous foot did cloven aspect bear,
And quick as lightning cleft the murky air.
In more disgust than fear, the sprite I fled,
Hoping some rock would shield th' already dead.
It was not strange that Fancy thus should draw
The herald Death, and shrink from it in awe—
Ah, no ! for teachers rose on every hand,
Proclaiming endless dangers thro' the land.
Most horrid thought ! that man should so pervert
The written word and wither the young heart ;
Should fabricate a fiend potent to tear
From the puissant Good its human share.
Death now comes placidly—an angel bright,
Soft gliding down to earth on beams of light ;
With face of smiles, and tones of soothing care,
And eyes as loving as a mother's are—

With tender arms to fold me to its breast,
Where I at last from all life's ills may rest.
A friend's assurance comes with such sweet grace,
I gladly yield to the endeared embrace ;
Not young affection's fair ideal shrine
Is pictured half so perfect, so divine.
One cherub hand my weary head supports :
One points to progress in celestial courts ;
Then softly presses on the hushing heart,
While soul and mind from painless form depart.
This is a victory—and is it strange
A score of years should thus the image change ?
I've learned that, when on brother-slaying earth,
The Son called Jesus had a lowly birth ;
He counselled Love is God, and all will save,
And in that teaching His life freely gave :
And many more reposed in truth so high,
Graves had no terrors, spirits could not die—
Life-torturing vengeance only burned in man ;
'Twas in no higher law, no honest plan.
Confucius was a savior for one clime ;
Buddha and Brahm were lights undimmed by time ;
Plato and Socrates come nearer still ;—
All teaching justice, mercy, Heaven's good-will.
This is enough ; yet, preaching, Nature brings
Proof of the same intent on countless things ;
Philosophy inscribes it thro' the whole ;
And, loftier still, 'tis speaking in the soul.
Tyrannic rule makes concord incomplete ;
But Science fights, and will the false defeat.

PAST YEARS.

Past years, ye're gone—your fruits, the sour, the sweet,
Remain ; their flavors, lingering, feed us yet :
Your harvests with such various products laden,
And changes that alternate grieve and gladden.
Oblivion cannot wholly veil you now,
For Mem'ry wanders freely to and fro ;
And if perchance she bring some store away,
A single trophy gilded with a ray
Of living light, to show good deeds had blest
The poor, the wronged, the weak with pain oppressed ;
Then were your seasons rounded not in vain,
Then loitering o'er your wastes and gifts again,
Tho' some reviews may sorrow thrice express,
Scenes that compensate, also thrice may bless.
'Tis bliss to scan the joys our childhood knew,
The kind caress our little frolics drew—
The merry task, the praise that raised our glee,
Enrich again a fruitful memory.
We roam the landscape haunts youth blithely strode,
The verdant hillside and the sloping wood,
Find boughs we wreathed with blossoms sweetly fair,
And the young, kindly hands that led us there.
The river gleams, still wont to win and charm,
And tuneful currents kiss the eddies calm ;
The boat swings lightly, tempting from the land,
Where border willows, full fringed, bowing stand.

These spots of green enchain the gaze that's cast
Thro' the strange vista of the still dear past.
Past years, ye're painting still some early dream
That hearts expectant made so real seem—
Anticipation in your times was bright;
'Tis now subdued, and casts a mellowed light:
It raised the child on towers and pinions strong;
But even Youth found discord in its song.
Manhood sometime was lured by fancied bliss;
But he full soon was taught he'd built amiss.
Age may instruct, and we must heed the lore—
Accept with grace what all have learned before.
Youths' bubbles burst, and leave hopes staid and cool
'Mid fragmentary facts in Nature's school;
With scars on minds, and mostly, too, on hearts
Thick as on hands, and with much sorcer smarts.
Ere grown in stature or in reason strong
To wisely choose what to their years belong,
The young, untaught to safely knowledge gain,
In spite of mirth, a bitter cup oft drain.
Past years, we've said adieu, ye're numbered all
With friends ye bore from optional recall;
And had we power, nor you, nor them we'd bring
Back to remain where joy from grief must spring.
With you went pleasures and companions true,
But to them clung some torturing troubles too;
Your scales, no doubt, do equipond'rate well,
The weight of weal against the woe-weight fell.
Some sort of sinners makes the thorny way
That grinds the weak, and low the faithful lay;
The rich-in-spirit soar, and witness Love
Lived here, and hallowed, where? we say, above.

BEAUTY.

PART I.

“Oh, not with fabled nymph and woodland fawn
Fled the bright soul of Beauty from the world !
In every spire of grass upon the lawn,
And violet cup, I see its light impeared.”

—S. C. E.

No. Beauty's light ne'er flees nor fades
From world's evolving power pervades ;
Scenes, genius, toil, or time bequeathed,
Are doubly dear in beauty wreathed.
If polar cliffs of glittering white
And ice-bound bays arrest the sight ;
Or tropic plains of fadeless green,
And isles like emeralds be seen ;
Or equatorial climes invite
To matchless marvels of delight ;
The Soul ascends on Rapture's wings,
And Admiration's praises sings ;
Yet scarcely mounts th' aerial track,
Ere earth's rich precincts lure it back.
It turns ; and Ecstasy shouts forth,
Oh, wondrous beauty ! Is this earth ?
And if the wakeful, wandering mind
Be to a narrow bound confined,
Abundant beauty there doth reign,
Adoring senses to enchain.

Behold the landscape's wavy green,
With line of elms a partial screen,
And brook meandering between,
Enchanter of the charming scene.
The clover sweet the gale that scents,
And daisy that the vale indents,
Have beauty like the favored flower
Caressed and crushed in garden bower.
All vegetation, bloom, and fruit
Unite our full desires to suit ;
For this, as well, small plants combine,
As towering groves of oak and pine—
As well the breeze from hill or heath,
As India's odoriferous breath.

PART II.

Oh, not with Greece, art-crowned, and Athens strong,
Fled all rude traits and *hauteur* from the world :
Crude ages sent much pomp and vice along ;
But Virtue lives in many souls impeared.

—SLIGHT PARODY ON S. C. E.

An humble flower the haughty spurn,
And to the gayest cluster turn—
Poor mortals share the fate of those,
Of these the favor bombast knows.
Enjoy, fair youth, the greenest bower,
And pleasure cull from sweetest flower
Whose roscid petals bathe thy lip
When morning freshness bids thee sip.
'Tis rich as Orient nectar from
The golden chalice's gem-set brim :

Inhale its fragrance, none should chide,
Didst thou not frown and cast aside
The drooping bud, that too is bright
And beautiful in Mercy's sight.
Its odor fills the balmy air
That cools thy brow and waves thy hair,
Regardless of the careless tones
That sadly mock its rustling moans.
An insect's fang infused the bane ;
Thou too mayest feel corroding pain ;
Or ruthless tread of truant feet
Lopped on its stem the embryon sweet ;
And cold contempt thy heart may pall,
The bloom-light from thy features fall.
And then that friend how couldst thou love
Who brushed the cloud thy head above ;
From thy lone spirit chased the gloom,
And breathed upon thy cheek new bloom ;
In peace subdued thy vengeful foes ?
O, in such friend what beauty glows !
The force that fired the flaming sun,
And hurled the orbs that round him run,
That Luna's spiral orbit drew,
And set with stars the ether blue,
Surveys, 'tis said, the drops and grains,
The smallest vine and tendril trains,
And decks in gossamer and gilt
The lily's cup and violet.
Shall we, enstamped in mould divine,
With reason further to refine,
While we adore the good supreme
Imbibe a scorn for things terrene—
In sport or spite dash buds away

That image forth our quick decay ?
Or slight one whose conceptions high,
Like ours, are blent with earth and sky ;
Whose deeds perchance have often blest
The wronged, the wearied, the distressed ;
Who still, an emblem of the rose
Which its perfume 'round vileness throws,
Disdaining wisely to resort,
To sinful weapons of retort,
An earthly angel, heaps instead
Live coals of love upon the head ?
Pride is ignoble, Scorn is fell—
Among earth's garlands graces well,
And human nymphs might thirst to dwell.
Bloom is kind Nature's kiss of love,
And gift of beauty ; while they prove
Her setting fruits, wealth all may share ;
And as the treasures sweet we spare,
We'll give of peace and pleasant aid
Where faults and foes have blemish laid ;
Rejoice that in the once sad face
A smile of gladness all may trace ;
That Sorrow's slaves life's graces learn,
Their plaints to thanks and music turn.
Thus may the mystery-haunted heart
Unfold as by supernal art—
Serene become through loving care,
And, like all bloom, supremely fair.

INVOCATION.

Resign me, Soul, where'er may run
The pathway I may journey on ;
And tho' it wind 'mong thorn and hedge,
And asps beset from yawning ledge,
Let me rely on goodness still,
And cull its gems where gathers ill.

If true beneficence shall lead
Where worldly fortunes crown my head ;
Where Pleasure's walks my feet invite,
And peaceful friends my days delight,
A spirit firm and meek insure,
Against Pride's retinues secure.

If hovering Health, with florid wing,
Upon my cheek her rubies fling ;
Or if Disease, in callow flight,
With piercing talons on me light ;
Let me be grateful for the first,
Or, well resisting, bear the worst.

THE TOKEN BIRD.

How shall I thank thee, Birdie, for the lay

Thou givest, gaze to gaze, so gladly here—
Thy pinions folded, tamely wouldest thou stay
To tell thy carol woos alone my ear.

Well, trip thy tiny feet and tarry long;

Thou'st consecrated now this russet bower;
Thy lustrous breast and its half-pensive song
Stamps on this dell and me thy autumn dower.

An angel-typing voice all music made; [tongues;

What lesson shouldst thou teach rough human
With matins cheery, vespers sweetly laid

On airs that reach our graceless blusterings?

Must chant and tinselled neck desert my grove?

Dost hear thy mate's note, dearest? Then depart;
Thine eye and gentle visit leave thy love;
Thy rich discourse and plumage take my heart.

VALENTINE.

Oh, come from the city away !
There fashion and vanity mock
With evils discordant the day,
And peace and good principles shock.

Come out to the fresh breezy world,
And feel its pure glow on thy cheek :
Here Love's roving sails are all furled,
Awaiting sweet message to speak.

To-day, when each bird of the skies,
And fowl of the seas and the zones,
Tells its love in its eloquent eyes,
And wins a mate's conjugal tones ;

How dear for lone mortals endowed
With passions divinely supreme,
To sit well ensphered, and aloud
Expond hearts, like any good theme.

Then, come from the city away
To regions where maids are sincere,
Where Valentine, holding blest sway,
Reigns haply for life—not a year.

TRADITION—WASHINGTON—INVOCATION.

The shadows of twilight were mantling the wild
Where roamed Nature's fearless, 'tis said, *tameless*, child;
The light, blushing clouds disappeared, one by one,
And paled as they smiled their adieu to the sun ;
The soft, stilly air scarcely murmured a sound
Thro' the foliate halls of that forest profound,
Where, alone and unarmed, but with soul undismayed,
Tradition says Washington knelt down and Prayed.

Naught knew he of fear as he lifted above
The clear eyes of confidence, gratitude, love ;
The guidance of Wisdom was th' grace he implored
In the earnest appeal to the Good he adored.
An infantile nation he held in his hand,
Yet statesmen its destiny dreamed not nor scan'd ;
But held it, a guerdon of Justice, till Time
And Valor could pledge it to Freedom sublime.

With the faith of a martyr serenely he bowed
In that temple whose dome was the sky and the cloud ;
Whose floor and whose altar, the leaf-cushioned ground ;
Whose columns, the cedar with living green crowned ;
Whose orchestra, boughs 'neath the cliff and the peak
Where the vulture and eagle their lone eyries seek ;
Whose aisles were the paths of the ravenous beast,
Yet carnage of brute-kings awed not in the least.

And, tho' the dark woodsman was known as his foe,
In ambush awaiting to deal a death-blow,
And leagued with an enemy's vengeance-fired host,
Whose war-waging legions infested the coast ;
Undaunted was Washington, whom had been given
A heart to commune with all earth knew of heaven ;
To the goodness of both he committed his trust,
His life and loved country : no fear hath the just.

The red man beheld thro' a vista of trees
The "pale face" commander-in-chief on his knees.
An arrow he aimed with a conqueror's skill,
But promptings unwont his brave bosom to fill
Arose, and his bow fell unbent by his side—
Intently he gazed, while his conscience replied,
"He sees the Great Spirit who smiles on his way.
No Indian's weapon shall Washington slay."

The great spirits listened ; the warm plea was heard ;
His calm features glowed as new hopes in him stirred ;
A flood of approval he felt on him roll,
And strengthen anew his invincible soul.
The flame of devotion to Truth was his light ;
Reliance on Justice his helmet and might ;
The fulness of peace hushed his orisons, when
All holy things echoed the placid Amen.

SPRING'S MESSENGERS.

The South Wind comes with warmth upon its wing,
The first fair messenger of smiling Spring ;
Heaves its full breath along the hills of snow,
And down the vales dissolving crystals flow.

Light, golden banners brings the red sun forth,
Proclaiming truce to regions of the North ;
The wild and stormy host retreats at last,
And music soft succeeds the martial blast.

Warm skies appear in robes of brilliant hue,
Yellow and purple, every shade of blue ;
Dull, dismal hangings are withdrawn from sight,
And smiles of promise paint each cloud of light.

Morning and Evening scatter gilding rays,
And potent Noon, from fast increasing blaze,
Sends thirsty beams to drink from gorge and plain
The gliding rills, and give green life again.

Fresh blades shoot forth, exhaling odors sweet,
And violet cups ope 'neath our flashing feet ;
The willow flings its tassels to the breeze,
And buds, like emeralds, stud the swaying trees.

Gay birds return with gladness in their song,
And lays of pleasure float the fields along ;
Their grateful tributes teach us gladsome strains
And anthems grand to swell thro' halls and fanes.

With melody resounds the vocal grove ;
New signs have waking vales of life and love ;
Countless thy ushering angels, welcome Spring !
In joy we hail them all, and all they bring.

ARGUMENTATIVE CONSOLATION.

Dear Sarah, I whisper of sorrows I feel
For lonely bereavement that shadows thy weal ;
And scarce will confess how sincerely I mourn :
For thy sake all calmly would I be upborne ;
My sympathy fain would great solace impart,
In these saddest days, to thy desolate heart.
Human nature is strong ; grief ever is weak ;
Condolence deflects the rich trust I would speak.
The pure, faithful friendship, affection, and truth
That bound us in childhood, and blest us in youth,
And never a moment's estrangement have known,
Thy grief make, as made they thy pleasure, my own.
Not long since thou wert wreathed and encircled, the
Of one who esteemed thee his treasure and pride. [bride
Both rosy with health ; both worthy the love
Relied on to bless when away friends might rove.
Content I consigned thee, and hope 'mid my peace
Saw a long life, with happiness taught to increase ;
Not deeming the prospects so fair, time would flow
Thus soon with the tide of the rest widow's woe.
But Providence wisely the future conceals,
And bids us rejoice in the good she reveals ;
If we doubt, and not trust, just the same she'll control,
And clouds of affliction press low as they roll.
Repining but proves we're astray from the right ;
Law teaches 'tis blindness that shuts out the light ;

A good ever buoys the firm spirit and true,
And darkness and danger will carry it thro'.
Full confidence, then, in sweet truth we'll repose—
'Tis a fountain of blessings that ceaselessly flows ;
Its waters are healing ; its source, if above,
Is that fathomless deep, inexhaustible Love.
Naught more can I say than entreat thee to rest
Thy burden so grevious upon the dear breast
Of that ocean—its waves are of all ills the balm ;
Great trials in their lucid flow find a calm.
Thy husband's blest spirit baptized in that flood,
Now basks in the light of fruition, for good
Was *his* nature here where the clay could confine ;
Consorting with saints more advanced and divine,
His progress in bliss, as in knowledge, is sure ;
Which us will console while we lonely endure
This life, which we ought to enjoy, I believe,
Lab'ring Sin to dispel, and its victims relieve.
Thou art not left homeless and all desolate,
Like thousands who bow to a bitterer fate.
Thy dear prattling boy to thee clings with his smile,
Much pain to assuage, and the long hours beguile ;
Kind sisters and brothers and true friends are near,
With goodly attentions to succor and cheer.
Thou hast not a foe who can offer thee harm ;
The world teems with bounties thy senses to charm.
Believe, then, that Justice at length is supreme,
And Love without limit all loss will redeem.

TO JULIAETTE.

Yes, if my little Muse a gift will bring
When feeble numbers flag as on they sing,
A strain sincere I will awake for thee—
Yet brief and broken-toned mayhap 'twill be.

Tho' from my once full cheek some baleful blast
The bloom has swept ere blithesome youth is passed,
I can rejoice that richly upon thine
The rosy hues of health and peace combine.

Be joyous thou, that Strength's mute language lies
Upon thy ruby lips and brilliant eyes.
And, were my wish a fate, thou ne'er shouldst know
The throes that banish Beauty's winsome glow.

When thou art happy 'mid the merry hours ;
When heaven all music seems, the earth all flowers ;
When, as the budding Spring, thy prospects ope,
And promise of fair future brightens hope.

Make sympathy and friendship—blended prize—
The treasured talisman to make thee wise ;
Let its pure influence in thy buoyant youth,
Attract the hearts thou'l hold as pearls of truth.

SIMILITUDES.

In lavish profusion the Sun pours his beams
On earth's fruitful forests, fields, hills, valleys, streams ;
In their warmth and their light seeds expand, tho' self-
Till foliage and flower fill with fruitage each zone. [sown,
So Love, from exhaustless abundance, imparts
Its life-giving rays to mankind's fertile hearts ;
Which, feeling the influence congenial increase,
Bud, blossom, and bear the pure products of peace.

All calmly and gently the Moon sheds her light,
Dispelling the darkness of ebon-palled Night,
And shining a beacon o'er dangers that stray
'Round the crime-haunted dell and lost wanderer's way.
So Charity silently, secretly rolls
The shadow and cloud from distress-darkened souls ;
Restores consolati'en to desolate minds,
And in succ'rning the needy her own solace finds.

When Phœbus and Luna their flaming lamps turn,
The soft vestal Stars more inspiring oil burn ;
And peer from the depths of empyrean high
To dissipate damps that on lowly orbs lie.
So when Life's dear blessings seem almost withdrawn,
And faded the halo that ushered their dawn, [out,
Comes Friendship with stores, hanging rainbow hues
And Sympathy scatt'ring the vapors of Doubt.

WHY CAN'T THE HEART REPOSE?

Why are young hearts with sorrow wrung,
Their many murmurings daily sung?
When every bough in nature heaves
To merry airs its dancing leaves,
 Why can't the heart repose?

Why thus prolongs its moans the breast,
Sighing thro' toils in tones suppressed?
When home and bounteous board, prepared
For comfort and delight, are shared,
 Why can't the heart repose?

Why does the eye indifferent gaze,
Its apathy excite amaze?
When friends and kindred seek to bless,
And kindly hands the sufferer's press,
 Why can't the heart repose?

Why must the mind's long vigils dwell
On cares and fears unmeet to tell?
When light and truth o'er earth are cast,
And works can win joys to the last,
 Why can't the heart repose?

While placed beside a pensive youth,
Whose rest affection kept its truth,
In sympathy these queries broke,
And the same fount for answer spoke,
 The heart must find repose.

When youthful zeal is quenched in love,
And hopes but luring visions prove ;
When pleasure ends, with life at stake,
Till in some science phase we wake,
 The heart cannot repose.

The loneliness vast we young folks bear
Consumes our smiles, takes in despair ;
At length some trust supplants the gloom
Grov'ling this side the friendly tomb :
 Beyond hearts may repose.

Tho' ills abound that prey on joy,
And grief must oft great minds employ ;
Enough life's many gifts supply
To cheer when its frail idols die,
 And give the heart repose.

While learning this, the agonies
Of soul-suspense and sleepless eyes
Pay price extreme ; and some ne'er learn.
Old heads should better tutors turn,
 For all hearts' sure repose.

MATERIALISM AND NIGHT.

Go forth, sad mortal, in the solemn night,
And give thy pinioned powers unfettered flight ;
Bid them thro' Ether's dazzling regions soar,
And read the records of celestial lore ;
Then sweep terrene domains on lowly wing,
And back the marvels of creation bring.
What seest thou in the earnest, pleading stars
That from extended life thy spirit bars ?
What in the boundless and serene expanse
That says, naught lives, rolls, operates, but Chance ?
What on the fertile, faintly-shining earth
That cries there's no design in any birth ?
How speaks the leaf bowed by its bath of dew,
And blossom glowing its full chalice through ?
What hear'st thou in the forest's breezy sound,
And rolling waters' ceaseless din profound,
In the low music of the Zephyr's note,
And insect's wing on the soft air afloat ?
What in the song of wakeful Philomel,
The tireless minstrel of the moonlit dell ?
In these is Wisdom seen and felt and heard,
Inhaled its breath in every gale that's stirred ;

A hallowed presence every cloud pervades,
Shines on the landscape thro' the evening shades ;
In every twinkling orb that gems the skies,
And grateful flower's up-gazing liquid eyes.
If thus the Night proclaims a ceaseless sway,
What language hath the ever-glorious Day ?

THE BROKEN SPIRIT.

“ I will not live degraded.”

We gaze on the bowed form and pallid face,
And each a sign of sure decay reveals ;
But marvel fails the secret source to trace ;
A modest pride the poisoned fount conceals.

Beholder hath not known, nor dreamed nor guessed
The tears that vainly flow those languid eyes ;
Th' o'erwhelming thoughts, half-checked, all uncon-
fessed ;
And heart-wrung sorrows, unrelieved by sighs.

That spirit high could not endure the name
Of needy Poverty, nor the pained look
Of Pity soft ; it Suff'ring could not tame
To that dependence which the lowly brook.

On Justice it could cheerfully depend,
And humbly kneel to Right for its true grace ;
But from earth's scanty bounties that descend
All grudgingly, it turned a timorous face.

It pines to lay its cumbrous body down
'Neath myrtle vines which clustering locusts cloud ;
Where on its wants dire Avarice may not frown,
Nor monument attract the careless crowd.

Not, as the pliant willow of the dell,
Sublimely bent to every boist'rous storm,
That spirit swayed and bowed when sorrows fell
As tempests dark, then rose erect in form ;

But, as the lofty, summit-crowning oak,
Quick trembling, braved the loudest blast for years,
Then, in the swift tornado writhing, broke ;
E'en so it perished, drenched in freezing tears.

How few whom Fortune crowns with competence
Have nerves of sympathy for homeless souls !
How few have in their merit confidence,
Tho' known their tale of trial-harassed toils !

How few, not having felt the palsying folds
Of Penury's cold mantle, can conceive
The withering grief which as an algid rolls
O'er heads that dare not their own truths believe !

How few who scan the high and throbbing brow
Divine the woes that swell its purple streams,
Or reck the floods that quench the eye's bright glow,
Or sighs that steal the cheek's soft, rosy gleams !

The nerveless hand, its ivory fulness fled,
Unfolds to few the depths of secret pains—
Long-hidden mysteries not seen or read
Along the windings of its azure veins.

That hand, too weak a sustenance to gain,
May sweep the lyre that sounds but dulcet airs ;
To blighted joys and hopes it gives no strain ;
Pride of them breathes not, save in speechless
[prayers.

The mind that visits earth's remotest shores,
And with a Poet's fervent bosom showers
Deep admiration on them, and adores
Their gorgeous scenery gemmed with queenly flowers,

Can hardly deign to ask of those supplied,
Granting to grosser sense superior power,
A pittance or protection, when denied
E'en a sole spot to rear itself a bower.

The soul that ranges heaven's most distant sphere,
And worships glories wondrous and divine,
Can scarcely crave of man a temple here,
Hence close recoils to its mute, lonely shrine.

But, soft! reduced and sorrow-stricken one,
Whose wasted comforts on the world are flung,
A thousand tongues proclaim in unison,
No more in pity need thy fate be sung.

'Tis said Philanthropy has circles formed
Of faithful brothers whose expansive hearts
By the pure glow of Charity are warmed,
And blest when Love its boon to pain imparts.

They firmly join their generous, helping hands
To clasp the suffering in endeared embrace ;
'Round Need and Weakness throw sustaining bands,
And marks of misery from the soul erase :

True solacers to wanting virtue prove ;
To the reft widow and the orphaned youth ;
Where'er is Woe its darksome weight remove
By all that Friendly is in Love and Truth.

That is, if faith and fair work well begun
Shall grace the Fellowship with long success ;
And not, as compacts usually have done,
To selfish aims pervert what they profess.

TO THE FAMILY OF ORIN TILLOTSON.

This changeful life is of uncertain length ;
None know how soon or sudden it may end :
Manhood is stricken down in pride and strength,
And youth when most of bliss and beauty blend.

Thus Orin fell in his meridian prime ;
The first pale-emblazoned signs of wisdom strayed
Among his ebon locks, and Toil and Time
On his high brow few furrowed lines had laid.

A ring of hair from quick decay exempt,
Alone of mortal elements shall live,
And for his worth a talisman be kept
By friends who for his love their best love give.

In it the mother views her faithful son,
And sighs that he so soon should leave her sight ;
Here the fond wife beholds the only one [bright.
Who could have kept her pathway smooth and
And here his children, arm in arm, will gaze,
To tell the goodly guardianship he showed,
And deem how blest would have been all their days
Could his kind care have always been bestowed.

Brothers and sisters here will oft repeat
His virtues which their memories enshrine,
And all shall be consoled with hopes to meet
His spirit higher endowed and more divine.

We part with Orin but a little while—
Death is the door to life with less alloy,
And opes for all. Approach it with calm smile;
Beyond is progress, peace, and purer joy.

Ye fearful souls who shudder at the sound,
And shrink as from a dungeon with its chains,
Seek truth by reason, learn the lost are found
Where earthly limits cease, and Justice reigns.

SIMILIES.

The fragrant Flower its petals fair unfolds
To glad us with its odor and its bloom;
And, if a tender hand the blossom holds,
Full long will linger its desired perfume.

So Friendship—blossom of supernal birth—
Imparts delight where'er its pure buds ope;
If gently nurtured brings such gladness forth
As far surpass the zealot's highest hope.

And so Affection, Friendship's offspring sweet,
Diffuses Pleasure's name and price above;
If genial hearts in chosen concord meet,
It time survives, and lives still holier love.

BEAUTIFUL AND LOVELY.

Oh, he is beautiful when joy
And pleasure on his brow are wreathed !
When through his laughing coral lips
The flowing strains of mirth are breathed ;
When Wisdom and Simplicity
In his frank words together dwell,
And Age with sportive Youth admires,
Nor scorns to own the pleasing spell ;
When swim his always perfect eyes
In liquid beams of artless love ;
And the rapt gazer but compares
Them to the dazzling orbs above :
And when the festive circle lends
Another halo to the light
His spirit is evolving : then
He's beautiful where all are bright.

But when the glow of bliss has passed,
And marble-like each feature lies ;
When deep, absorbing thought has sealed
The lips and fixed the calm, clear eyes ;
When his serenity it seems
No earthly agent can control ;

But rather that all powers must yield
To his full, firm, but feeling soul—
Then is he lovely—then the heart
Resistless bows to him alone—
Then feels that mines of purest wealth
Attract the treasures all their own—
Then knows that any faith or trust
In him reposed may rest secure,
And that each lovely charm shall live
Long as his being shall endure.

ANNA'S MEMORIAL.

But yesterday, as 'twere, we met ;
To-day we pen a souvenir ;
To-morrow haply we'll regret
Our parting, but will here confer
A mutual good for all time set,
While Anna's name can charming prove,
And Mary's speak of faithful love.

ANSWER AND QUESTION.

Yes, thou wilt love me when my eye
Is rich with Joy's unclouded light;
When Pleasure's tones to thine reply,
And Health paints every feature bright.

Then thou wilt love to lay my head
Upon thy fondly-heaving breast,
And deem the darling thou hast wed
Can ever hold thee highly blest.

But when my orbs with pain are dim,
And Sorrow's signs are on my brow;
When Care and Toil relax each limb
And chase my lip's inviting glow—

Will then thy bosom swell as true,
As softly pillow my pale cheek—
Thy confidence its pledge renew,
And tenderness its solace speak?

If all thy being answers Yea,
True love perchance thy flame inspires;
If aught responds a fearful Nay,
Then treacherous are its transient fires.

ZEPHYRS' WELCOME.

Bland, cooling Zephyrs, with your ceaseless hum,
Perfumes, lays, laughs, laments, and legends, come :
Your offerings fresh I gratefully receive,
And gladly list the mingled tales ye weave.

Ye lift the odors from the lovely flowers,
From fragrant shrubs and all delicious bowers,
From fields of mint and balm, all fresh with dew,
And wast their blending sweets the lattice thro'.

Your music-laden moods in joy I hail—
Joining the chorus of the valley gale,
Deep bass comes rolling down hill, wood, and rock ;
From tuneful boughs alto and treble break.

Your moans I'll heed when storms confusing float ;
And in the calm your pensive murmurs note :
Be mindful if on roof ye careless dash,
Or, soon to lure me, twitter on the sash.

Come from broad meads and pastures green and warm,
Where herds and flocks, lowing and bleating, swarm ;
From groves where glancing warblers chant their glee,
And forests dank where roams the panther free.

From rills and rocks, the chains and gems impressed
In beauty on the fairy-bosomed West,
Come and relate the unrecorded tales
The Indian's spirit sighs along their vales.

Portray some spacious prairie plot, replete
With more than romance told of fair and sweet,
Before fell Avarice native tribes estranged ;
When but the dusky maids and warriors ranged.

Did ye for red man's chase lay smooth the ground,
Or was't the scene of gods in Lethe drowned ;
Soil with Apollos, Joves, and Dians rife,
Such as the Orient fabled into life ?

Glide o'er the lord of lakes, Superior great,
And all the lesser sons that 'round him wait ;
But ruffle not their cold, deep, crystal beds,
Lest Neptune's hosts, enraged, up-toss their heads.

They are his palaces and summer thrones,
Where, with his train, he lists your lyric tones ;
And dwells, secure from noxious sea and tide,
In limpid pools where Naiads pure abide.

Is't so, sweet breeze, and is Niagara steep
The gate that opens to the briny deep—
The portal that his foaming chariots gain
When vexed he rushes from the fervid main ?

O, of the king of cataracts quaintly tell,
Acme of grandeur, Nature's citadel !
Display the splendors trembling in his din,
Veiling the mystic temple's glories in.

With fairy finger draw on these white walls
The bow that daily spans the argent Falls ;
Then, to unite stupendous and sublime,
Throw 'round the sheeny mist of spray and rime.

Of your great rivers tell—Missouri loud,
And Mississippi rapid, rich and proud ;
Monarchs above old Ganges, Nile, or Don,
And scarce below the mighty Amazon.

What feats of bravery, still unwrit, untold,
Witnessed their blooming banks and billows bold,
Ere pale face marked the dark chief's final home,
In fatal prowess, 'yond their turgid foam ?

Do chiefs composed now make the wigwam there,
And cheerly hunt the Bison to his lair ?
Does vengeance slumber in their generous breasts,
While 'neath the sod the hostile hatchet rests ?

Are they content, the matron and the sire,
To join their offspring 'round the revel fire ;
To laud the Calumet in dance and song ;
Or do they vaunt their ire, and grieve their wrong ?

Come whispering of yon mountains, long and high—
Old Rocky's ridge on ridge, piled to the sky ;
His dismal summits crowned with constant snow,
Austerely frowning o'er warm plains below.

Do his rude cliffs your magic source conceal,
Or his ravines and caverns ? Please reveal
The arcanum of your birth ; or, if ye will,
That secret keep : ye're ever welcome still.

Warm thanks, kind Zephyrs, for all favors given,
And all reserved to give, as't please your heaven—
Twofold delights, for while the brow ye cool,
Spirit and fancy your rich scenes console.

As tender nurse, who, while she fans her charge,
Transforms its cradle to a fairy barge ;
And soothing lay or witching ditty sings,
Till Slumber lights with soft, impurpled wings ;

So, when ye've scanned woods, waters, mounts, and
Culled all the marvels in your vast domains, [plains,
By nameless powers the wonders ye unroll,
And lull, as waiting Seraphim, the soul.

DESULTORY LUCUBRATIONS.

Oh, draw back the curtain, the shutters unclose !
I've lost all the moonlight since early she rose ;
But sleep was refreshing, and lightly now flies,
As larks at the day dawn, its weight from my eyes ;
And wakeful and gladsome, and grateful as those,
I'll rise and contemplate the world in repose.

In heavens unclouded the moon still is high,
And bright are the stars glinting o'er the clear sky ;
Beneath the soft light in her still slumber glows
The earth, o'er which gently the still Zephyr blows,
Caressing all stealthily each hushed retreat,
Like Fairies embracing young Innocence sweet.

Each place weaves a charm like the rural abode
Of nymphs, (but these, grown to myths, needs must
explode);
Æolian music, so mellow and low
That Night's sacred silence scarce breaks in its flow,
Seems lingering echoes of some pensive lyre
In bowers where the Muses at midnight retire.

The wood, in its June robe of light, living green,
Reclines on the verge of white skies and serene :
Hushed is the gay warbler that carolled all day
To the squirrel that gamboling chirped on the spray ;
Securely they rest 'neath a soft leafen roof,
More sweetly than monarchs, from danger aloof.

The slope-land and terrace, the half-shaded plain,
The vale with its river, the orchard and lane,
In beauty unconscious as youthful appear,
Outspread in fresh dews in this noon of the year,
As if Time's russet seasons ne'er scathed the rich robe
Creation's best spring time profusely bestowed.

And why not? Each year—a creation alone—
Brings Nature the newness from stores all her own,
Like the heart flushed with bloom, which it joyously
throws
O'er cells once deserted and sere in their woes,
Restoring their freshness, their youth, warmth, and
power,
As sunlight the north isle, and dew the faint flower.

My plot of young blossoms was never so fair—
Ne'er so redolent rose thence the soft, soothing air ;
The sweet pea's full odor, like incense for praise,
Cull from the coy pinks, blushing 'neath the star's gaze,
From the rose on the lattice, the pride of the plot,
The clovers, the pansies, the rich bergamot.

The brisk little fountain in numbers is telling
Of caves at its source whence its cool drops are welling,
Tales of the deep rocks poured on Night's dripping
wings,
With legends of yore it so cheerfully sings;
And, capturing mind by their magic control,
In minstrelsy move the fine chords of the soul.

The mythical lay summons musings profound;
The scenery night-veiled is a vision star-crowned :
Mild objects seem hovering, tho' viewless as mind,
The sentries of safety upborne on the wind—
'Tis an hour to adore what we deem most sublime,
And marvel at passions that govern in time.

'Tis a night meet to rev'rence the Genius that rose
To Liberty's banner and vanquished her foes ;
That gave to Columbia, where sorrow still roams,
These fieldscapes admired, this wide land for free homes ;
That said to our sires, Guard ye well every fane.
What shame that usurpers arise here, and reign !

'Tis a time to deplore the enslaved and their pains ;
To detest in firm zeal every binder of chains.
Yet, no. There's one king sealing links upon all,
On whom the cold ban of contempt may not fall—
We bow, with the mildness and mien of the dove,
To that strongest of tyrants, victorious Love.

"Oh, fie!" says the prude, with stern visage and staid,
 "To prattle of love is not nice for a maid."
 Of the essence of heaven is't uncomely to tell
 When its value doth empire, gold, glory excel?
 But she may refuse to acknowledge its sway,
 And a nature depraved, or a falsehood display.

May we utter the yearnings (we can't, tis confessed)
 Which, 'tis told, are of being the solace and zest,
 And incur not some epithet sickly or sad,
 As love-sick, or love-lorn, or moon-struck, or mad?
 Please her grace, 'neath these orbs I will proudly deny
 The charge, and her spleen with its missiles defy.

But, with the denial, my candor to prove,
 Will frankly avow I was ever in love.
 The image ideal, pure, precious, divine,
 By young Fancy formed in the heart's hidden shrine,
 Must reign there, a model of goodness alway,
 Rend'ring all it receives of the homage I pay—

Unless (which as yet is a problem, forsooth)
 An object as loyal, as stable in truth,
 Its throne shall usurp, and its temple illume
 By the life-cheering glow that survives the dim tomb:
 Yet, the image remaining, this solace is sure—
 Oblations are poured to a being that's pure.

Ah! here for those sympathies perfect, wherein
Bright spirits are blent unclouded by sin;
For the answering notes of the soul's tune^{the} lyre,
The kindred response of its hallowed desire,
All vainly hath Hope her free oracles given,
If they lull not to strivings for self-furnished heaven.

And if the head bow in deep, complicate dream,
Thought-drinking from vast founts, as from the blue
stream

The meek, arching willow sips glad waters up,
As stoop thirsty lilies, and honey-dews sup,
Then railing Distrust will of maladies prate,
And Rumor false homilies laugh to relate.

Soft! whither has wandered my musings so soon?
I meant but to dwell on the charms of the moon;
And recked not the thread, howe'er heedlessly spun,
Would grow motley and mingled as onward it run;
But Thought, unrestrained in the starshine and haze,
Took an unwonted course to an unending maze.

Who knoweth, if free and unstayed in its strength,
But 'twould soar in rapt concord on fleet wing at length,
And catch from Promethean heights the pure fire,
Till favoring angels the strain would inspire?
Hist again! th' vague phantasm will dwindle away
When scanned by the piercing effulgence of day.

I'll relinquish these themes of promiscuous thought
In such dull, drowsy verse as they chance to be wrought;
Tho' bright burn the lamps that transfigure the skies,
My taper glows dimly, more dimly my eyes;
A nap must replenish their vigor and light,
Ere Phœbus flings off the gemmed curtain of night.

TRIOLLET.

Pure are the Souls in Peace with Nature's peerless Rose,
An emblem of their Love, a pledge of its repose,
Eversion of all strife, a charm 'gainst foes.

Pure are the Souls all Joy, as thrills pervade the breast,
When gazing in deep mood on the rich Rose they've
prest,
Reflecting on the simile, heart-rest.

Pure are the Souls all Free, in wrong-ruled lands, like
ours,
That dwell, while garnering bliss in all the passing
hours,
On Peace, Love, Liberty, Dear Friends, and Flowers.

F A S H I O N.

This tyranny holds woman as by a spell,
Submissive to mandates that virtues deflect ;
That torture the body by tightness and swell,
In clothes that right use and wise counsel reject.

The greed of a thousand skill'd despots of trade,
With conscience and care for their kindred supprest,
Is gath'ring the products Toil else would have laid
In family shrines, its dependence and rest.

If charged with a plan for depriving the poor,
Degrading the rich, and diseasing the whole,
The mischief is laid at a far-distant door,
In a trait to be honored, a factor of soul.

At first-hand beheld, Fashion daily endured
Is falseness destructive to all human powers ;
In view of entailments, a curse never cured,
Which Character dwarfs when it Vigor devours ;

For Principle falters with physical poise,
And vicious designs act amid failing force ;
The business a large simulation employs,
And countless intrigues are transmitted perforce.

Thus, dropping the art that should Nature adorn,
And Beauty and Health in their sweetness preserve ;
Styles mockingly tantalize Grace, and deform [swerve.
Lithe figures that thence must from free motion

And all that's returned for dear strength, time, and means
Is praise for displaying the ton's last supply—
For showing weak minds, and for fav'ring false schemes
That serve heartless vampires, whoever may die.

I drifted, beguiled with the reason-dazed throng,
Till hope of life perished in weakness and gloom ;
Then saw carried cloth-cages kill, but prolong
The process, and Birthright's best blessings entomb.

To shun the conviction of known suicide,
The transit so solemn seemed drawing so near,
I asked my good sisters a suit to provide,
Loose, light, and conflicting with no organ's sphere.

The change revived power, bestowed joy, a new earth :
I knew never more Fashion's wiles could me sway.
The truth to which that test of conscience gave birth
Grateful Reason will honor by following alway.

Seven years since restored ; it was in 'forty-two ;
In garments of ease I am happy and hale :
When singular deemed, can afford to be true ;
When fancied alone, worthy friends do not fail.

THOUGHTS IN A THUNDERSTORM.

Sweep on, loud winds, and dash, thou rapid rain !
Sound forth loud peals, and flash, thou lightning chain !
Ye have no terrors for the woe-wrought breast ;
Such sympathy may soothe its deep unrest.

Nor can ye move with fear the placid mind
That is to Destiny's wrenched growth resigned ;
Ye only show it Nature's changing face,
And render more sublime the charms we trace.

What tho' ye veil the welkin's azure arch ;
And, like the din of warriors in their march,
Your martial numbers sound from pole to pole ?
Their echoes purge the air whereon they roll.

What tho' the land, when wildest tempests beat,
Has wrecks like tread of hostile legions' feet ?
Her genial breezes soon efface the track,
And bring increased perfume and freshness back.

Perchance the power ye elements display
Pictures the conflict of that triumph-day,
When Death demands what dust-formed Nature gave,
And struggles with his trophy to the grave.

Hail, glorious, crimson Bow, raising thy crest
Before the breaking clouds float from the West !
And, precious Sunbeams, gilding earth anew,
Thick-strown with starry diamonds, hail to you !

Ye emblem now of life, the side divine,
That on the cultured soul shall sweetly shine
When life's last storm subsides, and sleeps its clay,
And soars the Spirit from its toils away.

Yes, welcome, Tempest, tho' thy headlong force
May shake the solid mountains in its course,
Tho' frantically red lightnings leap on high,
And booming thunders thrill the sable sky—

Only let Phœbus follow in thy train,
Chasing with golden gleams the lingering rain ;
Lifting in beauty all that's bowed below,
And arching bright above his matchless bow.

And welcome, Life, with all thy tumults crowned ;
With wars, feuds, famines, plagues, and perils bound ;
With all thy pangs and passions, doubts and fears,
Thy sighs and sorrows, blights and bitter tears—

Only let Knowledge lead us in thy laws,
And Reason in her progress never pause ;
Science resigning to incarnate tombs,
And pointing to the spirits' lasting homes.

Rhapsody from the Ideal.

O, there are times, when free as light,
With wish its other self to find,
The Spirit flutters, all bedight
With wings elate to cleave the wind ;
And soar away o'er hill and vale,
O'er city, town, and stream, and lake,
And settle in some bowery dale,
Where Love anon fresh strolls may take,
That it may thence his form behold,
Catch the full joy-beam of his glance,
And in a tender clasp enfold
A heart-responsive wish perchance.

But still it falters, asking where,
O Love, with all thy stores ! and when
Shall mount its pinions purest air
To meet a worshiped one again ;
And, with no chains on either soul,
No fear of false world thrust between,
Read in each other's eyes the whole
That is by highest seraph seen.

Has Spirit goodly growth inspires,
No counterpartnering in the real ?
It rises, roams, then glad retires
To roseate realms of its ideal.

TO AN IDEAL BEING.

Oh, should I tell thee that this halcyon heart
Pours out its pulsings on an unknown shrine ;
That oft it yearns for an unbounded part
In the warm, gushing tenderness of thine !
Wouldst thou not chide, as man so oft has done,
The trusting weakness woman's love betrays,
And calmly turn from worth so easy won
To loftier heights, or some forbidden maze ?

Oh, should I tell thee that these cordial hands
In pleasure yield to thy full fervent grasp,
While waking dreams me hold in spirit bands,
Which seem not all a viewless angel's clasp !
Wouldst thou not chide the confidence unsought
That seems unwarily evoked and placed ;
And fear that not unblemished is the thought
Ventured so far on fancied goodness based ?

Oh, should I tell thee that my songful hour—
Sweet Twilight—ever thy rapt image brings ;
That o'er my soul thy smile and glance have power,
And fearlessly my Muse the mystery sings !
Wouldst thou not chide the all-ethereal charm,
Feeling no deep, divine responsiveness ?
Unfavoring facts may daring zeal disarm ;
Subliming Truth must settle consciousness.

(See protest on next page.)

UNDUE DEVOTION'S PROTEST.

The two preceding Rhapsodies, with a similar class common in the world, obtain no mutuality, as they should not. They seem to me more from the soul than the senses; yet, being over-impulsive, and implying a worship not attempered by wisdom, are not for actualization. Although these are effusions of youth, the sentiment at the close of each shows that I then recognized that the promptings were to be subjected to a rational umpire. To cite them as samples of excessive affectional inheritance from ages that sought no scientific plan of culture for the amoral functions, is the apology for presenting them. The study of sociology having commenced, we may hope able scientists will make research enabling them to endow the understanding of age and youth with wise discrimination between true and false sentiments and passions—between good and bad application. Ignorance on the topic so widely prevails among all classes, that responsibility can scarcely be said to exist. Welfare and safety demand that knowledge be universal, and commence with the child of five years. I think hygienic habits, rectifying evil customs, must enter largely into measures efficient in ethical advance, as physical soundness is the basis for purity of principle, fancy, appetites, and reason's control.

Sensual policy and fastidious taste should not be heeded when they interpose in reformations.

M. E. T.

PART SECOND.

The matter of this, the main department, is, as is the first, arranged somewhat in the order, as to time, that it was written; and will be found marked with more assurance and scientific strength as it goes onward to the close.

T E A R S .

Oh, let them flow ! eyes take the fire
From tortured brains—floods they require ;
A cooling tide the orbs may ease,
Thought's full, volcanic depths appease.

Renewing showers for fading hues,
That richly once did cheeks suffuse ;
Their flow the fount of grief may cool,
And gently still each troubled pool.

Let them descend, like plenteous dew,
On hands with bloated veins and blue—
With pulsing palms and fingers thin,
Pale pearls where coral bloom hath been.

Let them in willingness be wept
O'er Feeling's chords too harshly swept ;
Their softening influence may restore
Harmonic calm to fail no more.

The lucid drops with rapid gush,
Tense nerves to tranquil rest may hush ;
Assuage tumultuous doubts and fears—
Flow on, then, anguish-bidden Tears !

S O U L.

Soul ! What is this sleepless and wandering power
That seeks to know all things—knows all truth its
Is't personal force ; universal, all one, [dower ?
As rays filling space for all worlds from a sun ?

Like warm beams, it wakes the germ-action of thought ;
Flows branching in uses with energy fraught ;
The mine of great motive that labors and wills,
Rejoicing in good gifts, and grappling with ills.

To Conscience and Reason a friend it appears ;
A light to research and ingenious ideas—
The spirit of love, making all peoples kin,
Tho' adverse in color, clime, fortune they've been.

Has Soul form and substance, sometime to be shown
In ages immortal where chemics are known—
Where spirit identities knowledge acquire
Beyond that to which minds incarnate aspire ?

No more queries now, lest the ray guiding me,
Bewildered, diverts to the fathomless sea
Of infinite space Reason traverses never,
And only compares to *first cause* and *forever*.

ENJOYMENTS AND WANTS.

“ But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.”

The twilight dews are settling sweet
On blossom, bud, and tree,
Whose perfumes on the zephyrs meet,
And float away to me.
But one thing want the dews and flowers—
Thy fragrant breath among the bowers.

The night bird's clear and plaintive song
Enchants the gentle gale
That flies on viewless wing along
From od'rous wood and vale.
But one thing want these strains that fly—
Thy voice of music nearer by.

Each cloudlet looming in the west
With smiling wreaths is crowned ;
And Nature, in her silent rest,
With bloom-wrought bays is bound.
But one thing wants each roseate smile—
Peals from thy fluent lips the while.

The moon and stars peer, one by one,
From out their sapphire deep ;
Nor more in reverence to the sun
Their bright eyes covered keep.
But one thing want their winning beams—
Thy limpid eyes' still lovelier gleams.

The hands of friends extended are,
And blessings free bestow ;
While messages are borne from far
Of Friendship's gladdening glow.
Yet one thing wants each kindly grasp—
Thy tender hands my own to clasp.

I love the flower, and list the lay,
I drink the smiles and beams ;
Yet turns my thirsty soul away
For richer, dearer streams.
Still one thing want these things divine—
Thy heart's responses true to mine.

FOR H. C. H.

Yes, faithful Henry, I will leave
An artless little lay,
To tell in coming seasons of
Thy cousin far away—
How she approved thy even course,
And loved thy studious mind—
How more than loved thy filial heart,
Obedient, truthful, kind.

Aye, keep this child-like confidence
In parents who have striven
On thee to lavish Wisdom's wealth;
To thee their trust is given—
Their earthly all—neglect it not;
But lead with gentle hand
Them o'er Life's dim decline which ends
In Love's transcendent land.

If e'er the wayward seek to lure
Thee from the flowery fields
Where Temperance holds her cheerful courts,
And Virtue gladness yields,
Turn from their phantom torch; thy face
Toward Truth and Reason set;
And life a blessed gift shall prove,
Death know not a regret.

Perchance in after years we'll meet,
And I will ask again,
“Are these frank words all heeded still”—
Wilt say, “I'm pure as then?”
And, in return, will I respond
Thy query with delight,
“Maintainest thou a worthiness
To teach the young aright?”

COME TO THE NORTH.

PARODY ON "COME TO THE SOUTH," BY A. B. M.

With this Chorus :

"Oh, come to the South, the shrine of the sun,
And dwell in its bowers, sweet, beautiful one!"

Oh, come to the North, if sublime thou wouldest be;
'Tis the clime of the mind, 'tis the shrine of the free!
Here the sun ever shines with a generous glow,
And flowers bloom as fragrant as tropics can show;
The breeze o'er bright waters wafts incense along,
And sweet birds are soaring in beauty and song:
Yet Summer's monotony gladly we break
For cool, wholesome zephyrs from prairie and lake.
Oh, come to the North, where four climates allow
Pure freshness the head and the heart to endow!

Oh, come to the North, and seek thee a home
Where long social evenings, and sleigh-ridings come!
We've sweet-flowing maple, the spruce-shade and pine,
And health-giving fountains; forsake the red wine!
For Reason's calm flow is debased by its sting,
While music seems discord, tho' Eden birds sing:
By the gush of glad waters we'll rest us at eve,
No insects to vex us, no bibbers to grieve.
Oh, come to the North, the shrine of the free;
Dwell 'mid its best principles, noble to be!

Oh, come to the North, it has homes for the heart ;
No sky like its own can pure passion impart :
The strength of its changes is felt in the soul,
And Love keepeth constant, if Honor control.
Here would thy gay intellect brilliantly beam ;
Thy life pass as Duty's affectionate dream ;
Thy wishes, if holy, no hazard shall run :
Then come, and be worthy a beautiful one.
Oh, come to the North, where the loveliest plead
For Liberty's fullness—each soul's natal meed !

We love the rich South and its sweet, sunny isles,
It's gen'rous and brave, and their true-hearted smiles.
Does Temp'rance reign under their tresses of jet,
And Virtue ennable the soft-eyed brunette ?
Then the gifts of the South and the North should
Their mutual graces both natures refine. [combine ;
Does this method like you ? Please, when you invite us,
Sing not so voluptuously gay as to fright us.
Then come to the North, in thy bosom no guile,
And dwell where *Thought* tones Love, and tempers its
smile.

EMOTIONAL EXPRESSIONS IN THE FIRST SPRING SHOWER.

Oh, for a skilled and sapient power to tell
The nameless feelings of the thrilling breast ;
The rapt emotions that to throbings swell,
And thoughts, though half chaotic, duly blest,
When, as a curtain drawn around the West,
The first warm shower-cloud of sweet Spring appears ;
The glow of sunset glinting on its crest,
The lightnings flashing as our hills it nears,
And thunder-boomings jar anon the listening ears.

I ask not for expression to portray
Some awful gloom depicted on the cloud.
Adieu, the wild and melancholy lay,
E'en dark-winged storms tell not of pall and shroud :
Tho' aspects richly solemn on them crowd,
They're shadings of kind powers, around, above ;
The earhests of a largess, life-endowed,
Strength of the universe to give and prove,
And seal our blessings with the grandeur of great love.

Oh, for a pen with inspiration fraught,
To trace the forms reflected on the soul ;
The shining pictures admiration-wrought,
Now drawn on Memory's consecrated scroll.
Can I forget the dazzling drifts that roll
In white-ringed convolutions o'er the sky,
Like foam-wreathed billows rushing to the goal
Where ocean surges break, and backward fly ?
On mind's expanse these heavens must aye in portrait lie.

Hence crave I genius, form and voice to give
The treasured images that bless my heart ;
To gratify the thoughts fated to live,
And yearn their best conceptions to impart ;
Yet oft, as now, they vainly woo the art
Of robing mental buds in meet attire ;
The seemly germs in pleasing promise start,
But, ah ! for words, the embryon flowers expire ;
And I must not evoke, but gaze, feel, think, admire.

Now, faithful usher of the welcome shower,
More strongly blows the joy-inspiring gale,
Demanding language with more vivid power
To paint the full, free bliss with which I hail
The music of its laugh—it has no wail.
Yet can I only, as in childhood, go
To meet its currents, while my tresses sail
The viewless stream, and bid my soaring know
It is enough to breathe waves that new life bestow.

The glittering drops aslant the swaying trees
Now bathe the spires that from the brown turf spring ;
The gleeful birds caress the gentle breeze,
Warbling, like me, their nameless joy to sing.
What bosom would not a thank-offering fling
To this dear angel wakening leaf and flower ?
All must accept the gift, and grateful bring
Their richest renderings, mute tho' be the dower,
In this delicious rain, this first sweet April shower.

“UNWRITTEN POETRY.”

“ My mind is filled with beautiful thoughts, my heart with lovely images ; but I cannot express or paint them. My poetry is all unwritten.”

—*Letter.*

Prized, pressing Thoughts that move the heart,
And seek translating sound ;
That throng their bounds, but ne'er impart
To asking minds around
The glow and light of breathings warm
From inborn melody,
Are rich ; tho' void of rhythmic form,
Are purest poetry.

Let them but speak enough to show
 What mines lie buried there ;
Let eyes reflect the living glow
 Their gem-fires ever wear ;
Let Fervor's coy reserve control
 The curled, the voiceless lips,
And I'll believe a loving soul
 Inspiring nectar sips.

What poet e'er had power to tell
 A tithe the mind conceived,
Or felt not in him yearnings swell
 Expression ne'er relieved ?
He who most passion, power, and pride
 Threw on his thrilling lute,
Declared he lived and sung and died
 With thoughts all sheathed and mute.

What tho' the fickle crowd ne'er know .
 Great thoughts are lent us here ?
The Spirit owns a latent flow,
 And clasps a boon so dear.
A few will sense the hidden depth,
 Respond the silent call,
Fan the pure flames with kindred breath,
 And bless, as yet must all.

Full many a one has lived and lives
Sublimely, yet unknown,
Whose merely outer voicing gives
No high-born feelings tone ;
Who lists with joy intense the strains
Of eloquence and song ;
Yet whose pent words the tongue retains
Where they would flow along.

And I have felt that if the thoughts
My brain and prompting breast
Send out for truths with goodness fraught,
And find seraphic rest,
Had voices for the precious sweets
They gather in the flight,
They'd say their mansion glows and beats—
A poet's shrine of light.

The world may wink at all we say,
And scowl at all we sing,
May ne'er appreciate a lay
From soul-harps' lithest string ;
But teach it this, the feeblest streams
And flames soul-depths contain
Alone find vent in uttered themes,
While floods and fires remain.

TO A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

Herald, faint not ; redeeming altars light ;
Strong, votive subjects 'round their fires unite ;
And with them draw, by thy prevailing art,
The poison-drinker, and illumine his heart.

Thou best canst save him who hast known his fall,
And felt the torture of his maddening thrall ;
Thyself a sample of redemption show—
Of honors self-reform can but bestow.

Point to the mother who sustained his youth,
Whose love still pleads, to save him by her truth ;
Tell him of thine, who, broken-hearted, sank
Beneath the cups her son in sorrow drank ;

Tell of the rapture of thy aged sire,
Whose arm had lost its strength, whose eye its fire,
When his lost prodigal, his only son,
By temperance was restored, by kindness won.

Thou who art freed from Bacchus' frenzied dream,
Which preys like vampyres on the vital stream,
Canst best the palzying incubus expose—
Best bid the weak beware of lurking foes.

Go, if Philanthropy thy course direct;
The world shall succor thee, the good protect;
The voice that thine from wail to song shall raise,
Will link thy name with Howard's in its praise.

Clad in the panoply of Truth, advance;
The tyrant, Wine, subdue, justice thy lance;
The spoiler vanquish; and, as homage due,
We'll wreath thy youthful brow with laurels true.

Speak, and the echo of thy warning voice
Shall chime afar, and bid the land rejoice;
Sing, and thy minstrelsy's entrancing trills
Shall charm the vales, and vibrate on the hills.

Go, in the glory of thy rescued powers,
To Yale's illustrious pile 'mid sylvan bowers,
Whose halls their vaunted lore thee once denied,
And there thy fame thy former stain shall hide.

If e'er the luring glass thine eye shall gain,
Or siren warble on thine ear a strain,
Think of thy mother's bier, thy Mary's love,
And soar triumphant every snare above.

But chief thy trust in Truth's firm guidance place,
'Twill render ample strength, with peace and grace;
Then go, relieve, give to the wretched rest,
And tenfold will return, because self-blest.

WOMAN'S COSTUME EMANCIPATION.

All Hail ! a good Movement is rising— .

This year fifty-one doth perceive it.

Tired woman at length is devising,

(The trade-kings are loth to believe it)

For health and all powers 'tis comprising,

Robes that free her form and relieve it.

This Change former aids is improving

By larger degrees and good uses ;

It claims sage attention and choosing

Between ease and torturing abuses.

Glad should the sick world be in losing

The style that most ailments produces.

Well pleased I accept farther mending,

And teach the beneficent measures

That to highest welfare are tending,

And yielding life's long withheld treasures.

Great sordidness sure should be ending,

And general become wholesome pleasures.

When av'rice is sound systems blighting

With flowery but fatal pretenses,

Stern Science with safe modes uniting

Must call beguiled dupes to their senses—

Prove arts that deform are benighting,

And only Health beauty dispenses.

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD AND CHANGE.

Again in the home of my childhood I sit,
And fast o'er the leaflets of memory flit
The numberless forms once familiarly known
As the face of my sire or my mother's fond tone ;
But now, just emerged from half slumbering, seem
As the shadowy images drawn in a dream.

The family group is again all restored ;
The juvenile circle by hearth and by board ;
My brothers disporting with top, ball and kite,
Bounding almost as swift as their toys in full flight ;
Ah ! must I recall them, the half in the urn ;
The rest wont from childish amusements to turn ?

The forms of my sunny-haired sisters arise,
With the violet's glow in their joy-beaming eyes ;
Myself too among them, the blithest I ween—
But Time here, the sculptor and liner, has been :
His chisel and pencil impartially plied,
And the youngest of all we salute as a bride.

Here come the companions of play-house and green,
Of frolic and ramble by grove, glade and stream ;
Not such as they now are, full grown and sedate,
Going different ways, each a different fate ;
But such as they were, little gamboling girls,
All laughter and pleasure, all glances and curls.

A bevy of schoolmates come bustling along,
With shout and hurrah blent with snatches of song ;
There are Maries, as many as Queen Mary had ;
And oh ! there is Philo, that ill-looking lad ;
The naughty large scholars all frantic with fun,
At the ruse on him played, and the cute mischief done.

O Fate ! he is running again to repeat
His kiss for an apple, rewarding the feat ;
I struggling for shelter 'neath sister's plaid cloak,
Till, worried, she leaves it on me, its tie broke—
Kiss, shouts and tossed apple come, with my great grief,
Made sorer when at it my father could laugh.

These now are dispersed, and the idle and base,
To an infamous manhood I readily trace ;
The studious and innocent, scorned tho' they were,
Now honor and peace on their stations confer ;
The former of falsehood, the latter of truth,
As monuments stand for the guidance of youth.

I turn from the *phantoms* that float in the past,
Realities, questions the present has cast ;
And prove the transformer has greatest change wrought
On human ephemerals of care, hope and thought ;
Naught else of his passage the footprints retains,
On passionless things scarce a breath mark remains.

The orchard is budding as when the sweet chime
Of robin and lark in the chanting spring time,
'Neath its odorous bloom first allured me to rove,
And the music and scenery of Nature to love—
As when there I sang with each warbler that came,
And knew not of posey even the name.

The brooklet goes bubbling along by the door
With the same lullaby that it babbled of yore ;
Its murmurs so mixed with my drowsings last night,
It seemed I ne'er strayed from its sound or its sight ;
Its fair, dimpled margins thro' meadow and glen
Wear the same smiling aspect of newness as then.

The old-fashioned farm-house, full spacious and cool,
Still echoes the wind thro' its wide, airy hall ;
And guarded by hills, and half hid in the trees,
Has so bravely resisted the storm and the breeze,
That Time's alternations of frown, tear and smile,
Have slightly imbrowned the old red-painted pile.

Since the fiat of Change is most palpably cast
On the marvelous objects developed the last ;
As stature increases, let mind too improve,
And the heart aye expand with creations of love :
Since Time never tarries, this Life a mere span,
Let us change for the better as fast as we can.

TO THE CLOUDS.

Fair, Southern Clouds of pearly white,
 Floating upon the azure sky,
Ye seem like happy saints of light,
 Wandering in sapphire domes on high.

Lightly ye move in steady flight
 Mingling your milky plumes anon,
Like sister angels who unite
 Their snowy robes and journey on.

Now ye your fleecy lines unfold,
 And hasten singly to the East,
Like seraphs hieing to the goal
 Where reigns unbroken love and peace.

Ye seem like souls, their bodies shed
 All joyousness, all free from care,
Who having earth's enthralments fled,
 Arise enraptured on the air.

Enshrined in human forms awhile,
 With us they shared terrestrial joys ;
Cheered by their sympathies and smiles
 Life's chalice glowed with less alloy.

But, as Spring blossoms of the vale,
Their lovely forms soon felt decay ;
As dews which morning suns exhale,
Soared silently their souls away.

And ye, of them the emblems pure,
Do glad our eyes while floating near ;
Our thoughts to those dear ones allure,
Then in the distance disappear.

They were the soft endearing bands
Which bound our willing hearts to earth ;
And when they reached celestial lands
Our wish to dwell there too had birth.

And oft, sweet Clouds of silvery hue,
Resting or rolling on the wind,
Ye've been the kindred links which drew
Us thither, leaving earth behind—

With scarce a wish thrown back upon
Its fragrance, beauties, harmonies—
Its stars, its moon, its mighty sun,
Its blooming landscapes, glassy seas.

And then we deemed 'twould sometimes prove
Pleasure untold, delicious, rare,
From that ecstatic realm to rove
Thro' beaming skies and purest air.

And while with vision clear sustained
Above this sphere, like cloudlet soft,
Gaze leisurely on land and main,
And beckon weary souls aloft.

T R I B U T E .

Already, dear Mary, thy warm friends have freighted
Thy Album with sentiments, wishes and prayers ;
Naught more can I say, if the feelings be stated,
Than here for thee truly reiterate theirs.

If all the pure joys they design thee are tasted,
And all their high hopes reënkindle are thine—
If never a prayer of their bosoms is wasted,
Most fully are answered the askings of mine.

If aye thou canst smile o'er this Book's dedication—
Aye bless the mild theme of the meek J. S. P.—
If each sigh is hushed in the realization
Of these profound words of the sage A. B. G.,

Then hast thou what's craved by thy friend M. E. T.

TO A YOUNG PASTOR.

(SOLICITED.)

With pleasure, my brother, a tribute I render—
A pledge of esteem and of friendship a tie ;
For peace and prosperity in it I tender
My wishes full warm, and my hopes fully high.

These lines may seem flatt'ring, and lose on thy senses
The kindly sincerity whence they arise ;
But far from my heart are mere formal pretences,
As I'd have from friend's the false tones I despise.

The soft words of friendship are uttered as lightly
And freely as sounds of the gale or the stream,
Till scarce their pure import is recked of when rightly
They flow from a fountain where hallowed they're
deemed.

Too often of tenderness tongues have protested,
When every feeling their accents belied ;
Of language has sympathy oft been divested,
And secretly bowed, while it homage denied.

'Tis not to admonish that these thoughts awaken ;
For Truth I opine in thy spirit holds sway.
The pen has this vein all unwittingly taken,
From which let me turn it abruptly away.

Thy calling should make thee the kindest and calmest,
And wisest of beings that Fancy can paint ;
With lore of the sage and the song of the psalmist,
The meekness of servant, the pureness of saint.

But be not dismayed that so much is demanded,
The mission rewards, and thy progress insures ;
Infinity teaches, to all times 'tis handed,
That grace equals goodness, and with it endures.

Thy path is made smooth, many martyrs have blest it
With feet that ne'er swerved, and, tho' pierced, would
not turn.

Proclaim but pure gospel—a few have confessed it—
The world waits the tidings of gladness to learn.

The dupes of church despots haunt city and nation,
And dogmas that drive to despair still are heard ;
The former disperse with the wand of Salvation ;
The latter allay with the truth-proven Word.

Thy toils to humanity wisely devoted,
Attemper affections all baseness above ;
Unfaltering the aim that on earth be promoted—
The genial religion of Mercy and Love.

If woman's kind voice may encouragement offer,
And if her approval is ever held dear;
If aught to thy heart are the prayers she may proffer,
And gracious thy choice 'twixt her smile and her
tear;

Then fain would she cheer thee, whose labors enlighten
Mentality's nighted and myth-clouded sky;
Her orisons blend with the teachings that brighten
The wreath on her lip and the ray from her eye.

O blissful is Life! tho' some sorrow it bringeth,
When Hope each dusk view a bright halo has given;
And joyous is Time, as his cycles he wingeth,
When Truth fills the soul with the richness called
heaven.

TIME?

Problem Unsolvable Ever—
Beginning and Ending none See.

Time, Mother of All—All own Master Time!

Propound the riddle? no, Never:
Bright Reason's Sole Answer must Be

Time!

THE CIRCASSIAN BRIDE.

Circassia's fairest daughter stood beside
Her father, tho' a hardened foe he seemed :
Her snowy face, at once her price and pride—
Her soft, dark eyes that thro' their grief-dews beamed,
Unveiled before the eager gaze and bold
Of Pacha proud and restless turbaned throng,
Pressing to purchase—with dear love? nay, gold !
O, human heart ! how hast thou borne the wrong.

Seems she a bride—the shrinking, trembling thing,
By stranger's hands torn from the natal hearth ?
As such can Truth her register and bring
The blessed peace of confidence on earth ?
Or rather, do not pitying angels frown,
And from the sweet-voiced lyre wring notes of woe ?
While skies of mercy bend in mourning down,
That Nature's anguish-tears unseen may flow ?

The deed most sordid and revolting is,
Consigning all the rights implied in life,
To him who feels no high-born sympathies
For the weak slave, the vassal in the wife.
Dire, barb'rous custom, tho' some chords it sears
Which tender feelings suffer not to wake,
Cannot annul in life's allotted years
The outraged yearnings that the rest heart break.

What tho' she be the favorite of her lord ?
She's but a menial shut from freedom's light—
Her country's verdant hills no joy afford,
And valleys warm no pleasure yield her sight.
Dark mystery wraps her undeveloped mind
Whose noblest functions all chaotic sleep ;
Yet, its pent powers hold fruitless strife to find
Some unknown bliss their innate ken must keep.

Tho' she become the gorgeous harem's queen,
Acknowledged goddess of her master's breast ;
And robed in gems the ocean depths have seen—
Supplied with luxuries from East and West ;
Still, 'neath her bosom's tinselled folds she feels
A void, a tyrant's curse, his prison bars ;
A thirst for free blown air, earth's freshest fields, [stars.
The wild bird's song, sweet dews 'neath moon and

Perchance she knows not that in other climes
Beyond the swelling main she may not see,
Woman may wander, and with the full chimes
Of birds and brooklets blend her voice as free :
Yet Nature's promptings, true to the design
Of the great Universe, their claims assert ;
Affection weeps for a congenial shrine—
Mind moans for all tyrannic powers avert.

REFLECTIONS ON PASSING A CEMETERY AFTER VISITING A POOR-HOUSE.

Happy the souls with forms beneath
The lowly sward and silent stone ;
No more the sorrowing sigh to breathe,
Nor swell the crowd when sadly lone.

Here rest the hands raised vainly oft
In supplicating attitude ;
The long reft hearts whose feelings soft
With many miseries were imbued.

Blest the departed ! none should call
Freed spirits long to tenant earth,
Where on each beauteous bud must fall
The drops that to decay give birth—

Where every beaming bliss is dimmed
By cloud that darkly near it lies ;
And every anthem note is hymned
While under tones of wailing rise.

I will not deprecate life's lot ;
Some lovely streams bright borders lave ;
Yet, who can view its wastes and not
In fervent breathings bless the grave ?

INSTALLATION HYMN.

Loud swell the notes of joy to-day—
Ecstatic souls resound the lay—
A Shepherd to our fold is given,
A guardian to our Sabbath heaven.

We praise no king or conqueror proud
With oak-wreathed arch and bannered crowd ;
But bless an humble helper's name,
His service greet with glad acclaim.

High Ethics, lived, charms as when first
From Plato's lips in love it burst ;
Still sweet the precious precepts are
Our chosen messengers declare.

We hail the pastor here installed
By hands empowered, by heralds called ;
Him to our altar blest we bear,
And lay our spirit offerings there.

His temporal trust our truth provides—
His higher stay, kind angel guides—
His peace, which as the dews shall fall,
The truths he lives and holds to all.

REPUTATION.

Sects offer honor, and presume the fame
Their prestige yields an ample price must be.
Conditions weighed, declare a purchased name
By service gauged, unmeet for you and me.

Sectarian purpose need not seek my aid—
Thought must be free convictions high to bear—
Firm character, not lax repute, is laid,
As action's chart; no false lines should be there.

Our little freedom lessens in the strife
To win the boon of popular applause :
Good motives are the gainers through all life,
Proven by peace that keeps the purest laws.

What unsought honor these may not bestow,
Clear conscience seeming counter needs to hoard,
The soul rich in itself may well forego—
Truth, reputation risked, is treasure stored.

But answered aspirations of the vain
Open to fields florid with quick decay,
Ephemeral joys that leave no lasting gain,
Fate of ambition's fickle year's display.

A L B U M S.

Messengers seeking testimonial friends
For coy restraint make ladies some amends.

Albums are intercessors sure—
They come to those not tried or proved,
Searching for links that can secure
The friendly and perchance the loved.

And oft a willing mind invokes
The blessings innocence and peace ;
Oft these are earned—mid Fate's dire strokes
The calm soul's solace may increase.

Believe not, Maidens, those who teach
That all terrestrial joys are vain;
For there is happiness in reach
Worthy a sinless seraph's strain.

The pure in thought, the love inspired,
Obtain e'en here delights divine ;
Such bliss has kindly hearts acquired ;
And such true spirits crave for thine.

LIGHT, LOVE AND TRUTH.

A Beam broke from the leaden skies,
One cold December day,
And gloomy bodings were dispelled,
Repinings fled away ;
The soul an upward glance bestowed,
And waning Gratitude
Beheld some gently chiding signs,
And felt its flame renewed.

A Ray stole from the sunken eye
Of the pale invalid,
And the tired watcher's heart no more
Its dearest hope forbid ;
Its anxious prayer was half obtained,
Faith saw the loved one healed—
Again Life's way looked warm and fair,
With angel guides revealed.

A glad Gleam lit the sombre face
That calumny had dimmed,
And songs of sweet rejoicing rose,
By long mute lips well hymned—
That glow was Truth's, it chased the mist
Of Falsehood's night away,
The wronged one rose with justice crowned,
And blest the triumph day.

Dark clouds obscure the sun anon,
And leave earth drear and chill—
The good oft sink, e'en to the grave,
And woes some fond breast fill—
The pure awhile may bide the touch
Of Slander's freezing breath:
But, Blessed Truth, for thee and Love
And Light there is no death.

SOUVENIR.

Glad am I to meet thee,
Fair Aggie Zolutie;
And while thousands greet thee
As goddess of beauty
Accept my soul's blessing,
My wish that while youthful,
Much praise and caressing
May still leave the truthful;
For friends, loves and treasures,
Tho' all so desirous,
But lend lasting pleasures
When goodness inspires us.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

Some goodly scenes we now behold
Which mind at last invents ;
They're Children's Lyceums to mould
The wisdom elements.
They're rife with blessings for the lands,
With incense for the skies ;
With genial gifts for youth's demands,
And good which never dies.

The guardians banish childish fears,
Encourage guileless charms,—
Build characters for coming years,
With childhood now in arms.
To see young eyes with gladness beam,
While willing tongues employ
Truth's high and most consoling theme,
Old age may well have joy.

In tender minds the chosen seed,
Tho' small the germ shall be,
May, when from webs of weakness freed,
Send forth the fruitful tree :
The sun of love unfold its buds,
And garlands round it weaves ;
And who shall tell what future crowds
May health find in its leaves ?

With mythic rites and bigotry
School lore should ne'er be fraught,
Attune young souls to Reason's key;
Instill the wealth of thought:
In devious walks of sin and woe
Incline them ne'er to stray;
But pleasures pure and sweet to know—
The Lyceum is the way.

TYRANNY AND FRATERNITY.

The earth so perfect, fair and fruitful grown,
As home of happy people should be known.
Knowledge has thrived and waned now spreads apace;
Love speaks from land to land, from race to race;
Yet, thirst for power and gold, pride, customs vile
Hold coward victims tame by fiendish guile;
Disease, vice, grief and want, mock life the while.
To civilize the State, the down-held raise
From Misery's palsied night to strength of days,
The brave refute the false, zealously plead
That liberty is Life's divinest need.
While forceful darkness clouds the dawning light,
A valorous few are laboring with the might
What Truth and Justice wield to win the Right,
And crown freed Humanhood with Honor bright.

BROTHER-IN-LAW, JARED PIERPONT,

NEPHEW OF JOHN PIERPONT, THE POET.

A sudden and sorrowful message we hear--
A dart from Death's ever-full quiver is sped;
Cheeks change that give audience, tear answers tear;
A brother we've ta'en to our bosom is fled!

We mourn the departure, and none can reprove
Who virtue can prize, or true greatness confess;
Thro' a profligate world he unswerving could move,
Unscathed by its vices, unstained by excess.

From our dear kindred circle a pure one is gone,
From Sympathy's chain a bright link disappears;
Meek Truth has the badge of bereavement put on;
A blank seems to lie in the prospect of years.

Confiding in cultured affection and worth,
Our sister her love and her welfare reposed;
Inviolate he held them in his love while earth
And perishing vestments his spirit enclosed.

Now lonely she moves 'mid each token and sign
Of tenderness, trust, of munificence, care;
The sunbeam and flower seem to mourn as they shine:
More shadows are falling on all that is fair.

A dimness pervades every path she may trace,
Tho' Friendship and Love still their ardor attest ;
Again we'll receive her with welcome embrace,
And seek to revive the lost joy of her breast.

One shining oasis life's drear desert hath—
Her son, whom his father's true image is given ;
One pole star illumes the thick vapors of death :
Only flesh fails ; the Spirit earth-limits has riven.

Our brother a few fleeting years with us dwelt,
Firm confidence won, well his worthiness proved ;
Then, smiling in health, for a brief space us left
To greet his fond parents, revered and beloved.

He reached them; by absence and distance unchanged ;
Was blest with their blessing, and gladdened his sire ;
When the Pale King appeared in their midst, and
exclaimed,
“Thou'rt come to thine own native halls to expire!”

We whisper adieu, but 'tis aye with a sigh ;
We woo resignation to solace restore ;
Yet, only in view of the next spheres so nigh,
Repeat we, not our wills, but *change* evermore !

SUDDEN TRANSIT.

Oh, brother gone! not e'en farewell
Could from sad lips our anguish tell—
Gone as thy spring's declining morn
Was painting signs of summer born.

But yesternight thy song of mirth
Pealed joyfully around our hearth ;
The sun set on thy buoyant head,
But rose on eyes whose light had fled.
No aid a father's hand could give—
Each trial vain that bade thee live ;
A mother's effort-spoken prayer,
As unavailing pleaded there.
True brothers now in loneliness weep :
Unspeakable their sorrows deep—
Thy sister's pen gives small relief
To her all nameless love and grief.

Yet no despair beclouds thy tomb—
Death only for the clay has room ;
Angels have borne thee to their home—
There in good time we all will come—
There greet thee with a kindred choir
Which oft returns to us inspire ;
But thy young joys and sprightly cheer,
We'll miss in earth-homes, Charlie dear !

"I WANT MY MOTHER!"

I want my mother! was the mournful cry
That all day long a cottage precincts filled ;
The wail arrested many a passer by,
But none to hush it could adopt the child.

I want my mother! was the only plaint,
Deigned by that tender darling's depth of grief ;
Her heart was reft, her every power was faint ;
Only a mother held a known relief.

I want my mother! was the answer sole
To every query, curious, kindly, good ;
That want comprised of childhood's needs the whole ;
No care was felt for shelter, raiment, food.

I want my mother! ceaselessly she sighed ;
A sire to soothe her woe no time possessed ;
For scarce his constant weary toil supplied
The simple claims consuming Nature pressed.

I want my mother! came in stifled tones
From that young breast, pure font of feeling deep ;
The soul of dear affection filled its moans
For the loved parent laid in her last sleep.

I want my mother ! what emphatic words
From infancy's unpractised lips to fall !
But few bright springs with blossoms, bees and birds
Had left their time prints on this being small.

Without her hat, the fuel pile beside ;
Reckless of former playmate, sister, brother ;
The sobbing girl spent on the zephyr wide,
These sounds of solemn woe, I want my mother !

MODERN AMBITION.

In the van of the fast moving multitude rushed
A stalwart-framed youth, his fair countenance flushed
With the fire of excitement, and in his strong eye,
Where bright, deep-hued violets had chosen to lie,
There twinkled the rays of a spirit that burned
On the shrine of Ambition ; that restlessly yearned
For a world's adulations, the homage of all—
The praise of the great and the love of the small.

He dreamed of dominion and conquest—but ah !
The palm branch had broken war's blood-deluged car :
The high days of chivalrous honors were gone, [shone ;
And wreathed crowns no more on the knight's forehead
So he turned from those phantoms of glory and sighed,
As minions the Cæsars and Cromwells have died—
Immortal Crusaders in grief won their meeds,
And lancers' names sank with their helmets and steeds.

He pined to adorn his smooth brow and soft hair
With laurels the statesmen and orators wear—
To rivet all minds, and make loyal the land
With a word and a wave of his soft jeweled hand ;
But exclaimed he “ Alas, ere their bays I can win, [been !
My locks will have bleached, my brow furrowed have
'Mid national conflicts can I learn to dwell,
Or suffer the tasks of Demosthenes' cell ? ”

Still panted his breast to emblazon a name
High on the gilt dome of the temple of fame ;
No medium niche could its soarings content,
Tho' garlands Parnassian rich colors there lent.
He cries, “ Let me shine in Renown's circle bright,
Of the first constellation the leader and light ;
As dazzles afar in December's blue skies
Aldebaran, the gaze of great Orion's eyes.”

But turning from empire's all hazardous fate,
The field's triumph honors, the plaudits of state,
He searched the rich archives of ages to store
His mind with old records, quaint legends and lore ;
And with pen which the finger of patience should guide,
And taper to chase midnight shades from his side,
Pressed fearlessly on, up the many-pathed slope,
Unlimited both perseverance and scope.

Years passed—he had traveled where beauty and art
Their magical foldings fling round the rapt heart—
Where pencils had bidden the canvas to live
And chisels a spirit to marble could give ;
Had threaded the mazes of Romance full long,
And spurred his Pegassus thro' volumes of song—
Had shown the dull world what his toils had achieved,
By the touch of a high-glowing fancy relieved.

Time's care-clouded seasons consumed as they flew
His eye's laughing lustre, and cheek's rosy hue—
Thought's deep-graven traces his troubled brow crossed ;
His voice its rich cadence and melody lost ;
The warm blood that erst evolved joy in its flow
Round his heavy, worn heart ceased to revel and glow ;
Intense aspirations withheld their quick fires ;
And died emulation's vehement desires.

The premature pressure of age his form bowed ;
And on listless ears fell Fame's clarion loud,
Which, tho' it resounded from mountain to main,
And valley and isle rung its echoes again,
Awoke not a thrill of delight in his breast ;
Too long there had rankled the throes of unrest ;
And he wept as a child in bereavement, to find
'Mong ingredients of Name no nepenthe of Mind.

On weak, shriveled hands he supported his head
With unwelcome emblems of wisdom o'erspread ;
And murmured, " Ah, me ! when will misery cease ?
When shall find I of being the bliss and the peace ?
Where Fashion and Opulence favors bestow,
And fountains of learning and art freely flow ;
All vainly I've sought for the bosom's blest goal,
And the drops that allay the deep thirst of the soul.

" And now, while I poise on the verge of the tomb,
Remorsefully pond'ring on life's wasted bloom ;
Enduring the anguish my course has incurred ;
Too late craving blessings by virtue conferred ;
This truth I bequeath, O false world, unto thee !
The innocent only are happy and free—
Avoid my example, accept my bequest,
Change pride for humility, turmoil for rest."

On the hist'ry of man, in his youth he looked back,
And witnessed the brambles in Folly's broad track ;
Yet, elate with vainglorious promptings, opined
Himself chosen favorite of fortune to find ;
Hence, fell disappointment with power to unman ;
The mockery of hope on repose laid its ban—
Menaces of evil his fond wishes met,
And swelled his last breath to a sigh of regret.

Too late he perceived all true pleasures were brought
From the mine of pure motives, by deeds humane
wrought;

That laws which in man's moral nature inhere
Bless but the obeying who, knowing, revere—
That streams of felicity inwardly glide,
And anguish flames up when their source sin has dried;
That Goodness alone gives the charm to a name,
And Vanity sullies Solicited Fame.

THE BANIAN TREE.

Where India's sun its torrid rays bestow
Till sky, air, earth, and heated ocean glow,
The sacred Banian spreads upon the field
A spacious arbor—the tired native's shield.

The dusky Hindoo thither may retire,
When noontide beams descend as filtered fire;
And, in the umbrage of its million leaves,
Enjoy the lightest lingering of the breeze.

'Tis Grandeur's tree—the guardian of the ground;
Its ancient centre thousand trunks surround,
Whose myriad limbs are each a root begun,
More limbs to spread, distinct in root, yet one.

That colonnade cool pleasure-walks supplies,
Its soft pavilion screening sultry skies ;
And half-veiled vistas, verdant hangings through,
Attracting wand'rers by prospective view.

There in the loveliest shade by Nature hung,
A perfect grove from one small cion sprung,
The weary vagrant may at noon repose,
And in his comforts half forget his woes.

That complex tree a fixed asylum stands,
Reared by all-varying powers for wise demands ;
Its fair arcades, in soft green arras drest,
Invite to worship, to refreshment, rest.

Its living columns rise beyond compare,
From firm pedestals, earth's rich glades and rare,
Whose varied blooms and choice perfumes complete
The portals vast and ornate arches sweet.

No *art* in structures, castles, fanes, or towers,
Where Skill and Genius spent their master powers,
Have from the soul such admiration brought,
As this pure palace simple Nature wrought.

Before it proudest dome and princely hall
To the dimensions of the cottage fall ;
And monuments with Orient splendor crowned
All dwindle to the frugal emmet's mound.

There gleeful Childhood finds its frolic bowers ;
Youth a retreat that woos its sportive hours ;
Manhood a court (woman has no behoof!) ;
Age and Disease a hospitable roof.

There may the Brahmin devotee repair,
And tell his faith thro' superstitious prayer ;
There do his penance on the shadowed sod,
Beneath the emblem of his fabled god.

I love the thought, all mythic tho' it be,
That likens Brama to the matchless tree,
Whose far-extending and protecting arms
Are stayed where else might hover fearful harms.

The Christian, too, may in the Banian find
Fit symbol of a Savior of mankind ;
Its parent pillar, head and centre, He ;
Its branches, all the saints on bended knee.

Also, it types to Reasoners, noble, free,
Their tender care for all humanity ;
Rebuking monarch oaks, tall, sheltering none,
As Justice shames vain despot and vile throne.

LINES TO LAURA.

To show the willingness with which I grant
Thy late request, thus soon these lines are penned ;
My friendship would not of its office vaunt ;
Nor could it ask return, if slow to serve a friend.

Idle it were to tell thee that my heart
Oft hath its thrills of love and grief for thine :
I have evinced its tenderness ; thou art
Too gen'rous to presume dissimulation mine.

Thou wouldest that I "remember" thee, and not
In vain the wish, tho' 'twere to me unknown :
Ungrateful were I for a haler lot,
Did I forget a friend Disease had marked its own.

Imagination at thy couch presides,
With healing cordials, music, myrrh, and balm ;
An anodyne for every pang provides,
Soothing the tortured nerves to rest and slumber calm.

Fancy and Sympathy lull—the last deplores,
Yet all anxieties in joy abound ;
Thy buoyant mind o'er transient suff'ring soars,
Having a panacea precious and priceless found.

Earth's many trials have not power to cloud
The mind that sees some good in each event;
Such being thine, it shall remain unbowed
Till Life's decaying sands and flickering fires are spent.

It loves the world, can well its charms enjoy;
Mount, dell, and plain in harmony it blends;
Bright orbs and skies its functions high employ;
But, dearer far than these, the converse sweet of friends.

And dearer still, the hope that lights the heaven
Which good immortals here and *hence* shall share,
It holds in view—sees Death an angel, given
The soul to realms of rich beatitude to bear.

Let us rejoice that this full faith is ours,
And make of earth a blest Elysium:
Green vales and lawns are more than Eden bowers,
And kindred spirits are our earthly seraphim.

The native melodies of birds and streams
Are cherub harps that Toil and Care beguile;
The fountain sun, and all the stellar beams
Are *present, fore, and after* tastes of endless smiles.

Thus life's enjoyments, heighmented into bliss,
Shall light each darksome lurking-place of Woe:
Then, if the after-life is unto this,
As rapture is to pain, what transport shall we know!

Here, we'll essay to tune our fragile lyres
In unison with lyric Nature's song ;
There, stirred by breath a higher praise inspires,
Their notes may swell the strains high angel bards
[prolong.

Sister, reciprocating thine, receive
These lines, tho' they be hurried, vague, and weak.;
Thou answerest well—and I rejoin, believe
That all of truth is felt which they may fail to speak.

LAURA, THE INVALID.

Consumption is wasting the form fair and fragile,
To free the strong mind fain to study the skies ;
The heart heaves in throes, as the tides low and facile,
And patiently tranquil the poet-girl lies.

Unmoved who could witness the tremulous fingers,
Clasped o'er the wan brow, or on pained temples prest ;
The cheeks' hectic bloom that delusively lingers,
And fitful commotions that swell the faint breast ?

O'er fortunes adverse, persecutions, bereavements,
Her spirit upborne and reliant arose ;
Felt guides, tho' unseen, have undying endearments,
To woo the worn nature to arms of repose.

Sustained in the valley of perishing pleasures,
Where wrongs banish joy-beams, and flowers fall
away,
Hope mounts the high throne of due rights and dear
treasures,
And reigns in a realm keeping tyrants at bay.

Her song's fav'rite themes are the chaplets unfading
Adorning the spheres' ever-beckoning shores,
The light of whose glory, her vision pervading,
Elicits the anthems her lyre freely pours.

Yet not from the earth and her beauties are taken
The fond admiration that still is delight;
A view of rich landscapes a strain can awaken,
And beam of mild Luna make morn of the night.

And if, while reclining on wearisome pillow,
A glimpse is obtained of bright cloud or blue sky,
She snatches her harp from the cypress or willow,
And sings till the numbers on fainting lips die.

The lay of the wild bird, the murmur of waters,
Bring childhood's companions, its gardens and
streams;
Faith now numbers those among Virtue's bright
daughters,
And Love visits these in its fay-fashioned dreams.

A breeze from fresh meadows, or lilies and roses,
The radiance of gladness can light in her eye;
Of the old, hallowed grove that her altar incloses,
Low musical zephyrs most sacredly sigh.

From the fulness of feeling the lachrymal torrent
Overfloweth anon the soft orb's azure glow;
To stay the sad tide, and calm life's ruffled current,
Imparts the best solace my being doth know.

Meek, invalid guest, much endeared by long presence,
Tho' loved ere beheld, and in fancy embraced;
Proximity favors the full coalescence
Of sentiment, sympathy, friendship, and taste.

My bosom to soothe on my last bed and lowly,
Oh, grant me a friend, gracious givers above,
Who may love me as I, thro' a Providence holy,
This fated young flower of Parnassus do love.

ANTICIPATED FAREWELL TO LAURA.

Must a Farewell, dear one, at last be taken—
Break our long intercourse, my trusted friend?
The fortitude so long sustained be shaken—
And shade to shadow double darkness lend?

Fondly I hoped Disease her hold might stay,
Yielding the palm to Health, the ruby queen :
But unrelenting law consumes her prey,
And day by day the wasting power is seen.

Long weeks and months I've bent above thy bed
Thy gathering pangs and sorrows to assuage—
Tho' vain the hope, the watch relief has shed,
While ivies hid the blooms with sad presage.

Not to bewail do I allude to fate—
The dark-plumed sepulchre but takes the dust ;
Light from the portals of a proven state
Bids us fear nothing, but sublimely trust.

For thy long weariness beset with pains,
Mem'ry too long will tell how I have grieved ;
When thy rapt soul its higher mansion gains,
I'll only mourn for those still unrelieved ;

Those in whose tender bosoms thoughts may dwell
Of what thou wast, and art, and might have been ;
On whose lone hours thy lingering song shall swell,
Till yearnings warm may back thy spirit win.

With quiet resignation I'll advance,
Tho' throbbing veins still of compassion tell—
Tho' dews of feeling dim the final glance,
All silently will fall the last farewell.

SCENE IN LAURA'S SICK-ROOM.

"Sing, Sister Mary, sing again of flowers."

THE APOLOGY.

Thou wak'st, dear Laura,—yes, again I'll sing,
 I paused for numbers that might soothe and please;
 Each floral sonnet I could cull and bring,
 A wasted offering sadly sought the breeze.

Hemans' rich pages turned I o'er and o'er,
 Chanting each thought that might thy fancy meet;
 But, from her fertile soul's full-garnered store,
 No gem to thee was bright, no blossom sweet.

Then Memory's maze I roamed for songs of flowers,
 Yet failed to fill thy vacant, yearning cell:
 The wreath-wrought verse of bard's long-lauded powers,
 A withered chaplet on thy feelings fell.

I sang impromptus for thy 'wilder'd thought,
 And tales of youth and bloom won mind and smile:
 The theme electric found—long fruitless sought—
 This lay thy wandering senses could beguile:

THE SONG.

Drive far away the cloud and storm
 To climes beyond the sea—
 Give earth green robes, od'rous and warm,
 With humming-bird and bee!

Oh, bring fresh flowers—bring branch and vine !
From wildwood, glen, and dale—
A verdant chaplet Spring shall twine
O'er Winter's forehead pale.

Bring perfume on the Summer air,
With balmy rains and dews—
Let orbs that cleave skies brightly fair
Their influence sweet diffuse.

Bring garlands from rich sunny lawns
To bind upon her brow
Whose step, once graceful as the fawn's,
The valleys know not now !

With florets from the diamond rill
That dances through the glade,
Thy darkly lustrous locks we'll fill,
Lonely and lovely maid.

Bring violets from the maple grove,
Where gamboled gleesome youth,
Ye partners of sweet childhood's love,
Of tried and trusting truth.

Teresa, with the glowing cheek,
And wavy, silken hair, .
Come, as of yore, blithe, bland, and meek,
With naught of grief or care.

Strew wild blue-bells and starry cups
O'er the long-weary breast
And clasp the hands and press the lips
That vainly call for rest!

Pull clusters from thy play-ground bowers,
Alfonso, gentle friend,
And in thy gift of chosen flowers
The rose and myrtle blend!

Come, softly lay thy offering sweet
Beside the pillow'd head,
And tenderest words of solace speak
Above the silent bed

Whereon the pinks, buds, bells, and leaves,
With kindly hands we'll fling,
For they inspired in vernal years
The weak one's soul to sing.

Now lightly strike the lute she loved
In Joy's unclouded spring.
Full numbers flow, from hearts then proved,
Along its lithest string.

Let only Pleasure's accents dwell
Amid the glittering chords,
And only peaceful breathings swell
The soft, mellifluous words,

THE RESULT.

Thou smil'st, sweet Laura, doth my simple strain
Awaken memories ever secret kept?

Dear, worshiped memories, prized, albeit vain,
No breath of which thy wary lyre hath swept?

Thy beaming eyes new light and language found
When names I scarce dared utter faintly fell—
Names in thy lucid hours ne'er given a sound,
Have o'er thee thrown a quiet mystic spell.

Thy weak hands dally with my tresses black;
Thou call'st them elfin locks from naiad streams:
To childhood's rosy bowers I've borne thee back;
Sleep, fairy wights shall weave thy flowery dreams.

Hush, Sibyl, hush, thy wakeful visions close;
Be lulled again, with thee, thy sorrow sleepeth.
Oh, slumber on, while Pity's fountain flows,
And know not that for thee thy sister weepeth.

[This scene is literally true—Apology and Result, as well as Song. The after pruning was slight. Many similar scenes occurred. Laura recovered.]

TRUTH'S TRIUMPH AND FALSEHOOD'S DEFEAT.

The golden mine may lie unknown, perhaps
For centuries, 'neath waters, soils and rocks ;
But time, progression, circumstance and art,
Evolving ever hidden things and new,
Lays bare the precious vein, the glittering ore.

And truth, the dearest treasure in the grasp
Of craving human minds, oft waiting lies
Concealed amid the deep envelopings
Of error, prej'dice, ignorance and craft ;
Yet it hath power which the united strength
Of all opposing agents cannot crush,
Which shall beam forth in might, pierce and pursue
Dark powers, and make itself known, felt and seen.

It is a fearful thing to bar the truth,
Even for a time, from souls whose purest joy
Depends on knowledge—by action growing,
Not for vile use, but grand identities.
On many high conceits and towering heads
Fall deep remorse, and justly rendered too,
For baleful measures met to innocence.

And treacherous tongues, peace poisoners, oft are found
'Mong lowly ones whose misery-moans are loud
When the unfailing ministry of right
Its retributions ample doth dispense.
Oh, ye who would in colors false array
Another's motives, words or deeds, beware!
And ye too, who deceive, holding yourselves
In lights unreal, making dupes at will,
Know that a just discriminating hand
Holds your own weapons over your bare heads.
And ye who have deceived confiding friends—
Drawn out as water from the brimming fount,
Their love, solicitude and sympathies,
Making them willing vassals, even fain
To waste dear life, so it subserve your weal;
Ye who do this, and more, and then in hour
Of awful bitterness, proclaim these dupes
Your faithless, vain, your dire and heartless foes,
Shall find a compensating something that surveys
The secret motive of the subtlest soul,
Will in due time, from injured names remove
The webs of calumny, and set thereon
Truth's radiant seal; while to you shall return
With double darkness, and with double weight,
The clouds and bolts of falsehood.

But wherefore

More points enumerate? enough to know
False shows, in whichsoe'er of all their forms,

Evasive, shy or bold, are sins 'gainst right;
Howe'er disguised, are seen by watchful law;
However mute, have voices thunder-loud
Which reach but can't beguile the coming time.
Enough to know that there is naught concealed
Which shall not be discovered; naught bestowed
Which shall not rendered be—I'm not at all
Particular to say—with usury.

LOVE-LIGHT BENIGHTED.

“Love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared, by Alla given
To lilt from earth our low desire.”—BYRON.

Defined—the mystic night-side unexplained.
Love-Light, life's day should be, its lore well taught.
For detail and discriminating lines
Vainly young minds inquire, and blindly grope,
Like Byron, all bards, and the sightless mass.
In simple factors cannot love be shown?
Must youth divine the wondrous mystery
Enshrouded in the veil which part conceals,
But shows enough thro' interstices oft
To prove its life, while hows, whys, what's to do,
Remain to mental ken sealed testaments?

Poets have weeping sung of the strong spell—
Sculptors adored, and with the chisel striven
Thro' emblem natural it to present,
And make its soul to ours translatable.
But glowing pen and spoken eloquence—
Unrivaled skill on marble's 'trancing forms,
And canvased Beauty's perfect elegance,
Tho' Raphael's master fingers burnished it,
Have mystic fractions given without a key.
The whole may be so endless and so vast
This planet small, and peoples crude may ne'er
The measure fathom, or its factors solve ;
But if it will diffuse its power, as light ;
If it creator is, and infinite,
Infusing us, its children, with itself,
We ought to know the sage intent, to see
The uses clear, both large and small and mixed.
Some may reply, "Open thine eyes, poor child,
Read all the world by that true book, thy soul,
And understanding wilt thou gain thereby."
But am I wiser than my simple peers,
Or old and late time students, authors, seers ?
Let's see—song tells the bards repose and pain—
Treatise tells what the scholar sees in things—
History, how kings war and slaughter men—
Statistics, how, in dread religion's name,
Millions are sacrificed to pampered pets !
But here's a record of Philanthropy ;

In truth, it seems a heavenly principle,
An arm held out to poor humanity—
Not by the makers of sad sects and creeds,
But those they smite for doubting bishop's claims.
This is a star whose light is readable—
Kind care and aid are truly righteous gifts.
But earnest multitudes must givers turn
To drive Oppression's hordes from tear-stained lands.
A Howard's voice, tho' he laid off the clay,
Thro' many a clime and grateful age to come
Will speak of goodly deeds in Mercy's cause,
While many following do a mightier work.
Here are beheld the operations mild
Of blest benignity—'tis seen that man
Does exercise a better element
Than, without love, endows his nature stern.
And Sympathy, which we can comprehend,
Is lovely sister, twin, or very same.
With smiles for smiling, tears for weeping ones,
It consolations lasting can impart,
Soothing the weary, long-afflicted heart.
Are these divine bestowments merely Love ?
These strong desires to grant relief and rest,
The mutual ties which anguish give at thought
Of suffering deep, and rich rejoicings prompt,
Even at the artless tale of happiness ?
I'll call them its true heralds on the earth,
Speaking in noble acts from o'er-full source.

And it is much, perchance the main, bestowed
As saving power, among contagious hate.

But here's the puzzle not at all cleared up—
This factor, branch, side issue, centre; or
Is it power distinct, a function sole—
This impulse, so ill ordered, so profuse,
That unaware, and all unsought controls
Not mere adults alone, but ripest years,
Binding in links inexplicably dear;
And sure retreat know neither youth nor age;
Nor if advance be safe, discreet or wise?
This is a "Light from heaven" unfathomed yet,
Glowing like suns in summer tropic glads,
Or Nature has chimeras baffling search,
Rose-wreathed, and tinseled with exquisite art.
Knowledge of this great Power that floods the world,
Sways, rocks, and wrecks, seeming anon to bless,
I crave devoutly as the millions' rights.
The young survey the old—see peril, strife,
But find not woman, man, nor book to guide.
Another Howard for this ignorance,
Almost as dense as in the ages dark,
Needs to appear, and herald high behests.

'Mid fruitage rich and wide voluptuousness,
Lily and jasmine trailing tuneful streams,
And clustering roses flooding bower and sill,
The budding heart knows its bloom richer still—
Feels its deserts are counterparting shields,

Showering warm petals, blending pure perfumes,
Yielding in foretaste, sweeter heavens to come.
But promise fails ; Sex Love oft cheats and chains,
While opening gem-lined vistas for vain hopes.
Fraternal Love, impartial, blessing all,
Must needs on earth evolve great souls inspired
With knowledge of these intricacies fine,
And daring adequate, and zeal humane,
To near and far promulge this law required.
Beside some winning walks the asp reclines,
And deftly moss-robed lies the Upas germ.
Science should enter the bright labyrinth,
With rule and diagram for use of all—
Close the vile pits of withering decay,
The gilded tombs of slavish agonies—
Safety and order make in amoral bowers,
With Wisdom-filtered Light for common showers.

RESPONSIVE ANTICIPATIONS.

“Visit me with your brother in June, when Nature’s walks are
richest in beauty.”—LETTER.

Hand in hand, with friend to wander
Over flowery field and dell,
Th’ while on lovely Nature ponder,
Blooming fair as planets yonder—
Who the pleasure sweet can tell ?

Yes, I'll ramble with thee, dearest,
In thy own rejoicing June,
When each wild-bird note thou hearest
From the bower and coppice nearest
With thy warbling soul keeps tune.

We'll pause beside some wave-rocked fountain,
Where bright nymphs their wreath-work bring;
There we'll point some mist-robed mountain,
Too remote to fall our route in,
Where blithe Muses, beckoning, sing.

Every bursting bud that springeth
In our verdant path we'll see—
Every pleading leaf that flingeth
Music on the breeze that wingeth
Softly by shall answered be.

I'll respond thy exclamation
With a transport deep as thine—
Pour my reverent admiration,
Made to beauty a libation,
On the same expansive shrine.

Fancy now has, all delighted,
Ranged thy haunts in joy untold;
Wilt thou turn, by me invited,
To some slope Aurora slighted,
And the sunset skies behold?

To gaze with friend on heavens blushing
In their tinsel'd twilight dress,
While the mellow heart is gushing
With emotions mutely rushing,
Angels must the bliss express.

On the crimson cloudlets glowing
Is inscribed Devotion's Hour ;
Gracious smiles adown are flowing,
Vespers, prayers are upward going ;
Who but feels the thrilling power ?

Lines of gold and amber gleaming
As the fabled courts above,
Lend us so sublime a seeming
Of the spirit's final beaming,
Thought immersed is peer with Love.

Monuments of jasper raising
Many-tinted domes aloft,
With pedestals purely blazing,
Awe inspire, yet hope amazing,
Blends the gorgeous, dyes the soft.

Well I love the jeweled morning,
Every matin strain enjoy—
Eastern splendor's rich adorning,
Earth to paradise transforming,
All adoring minds employ.

But when glorious day's declining,
 Varied charms have air, earth, sea ;
 Then our trust we're high enshrining,
 Then is soul with soul entwining,
 Then, my friend, come muse with me.

SABRINA.

'Tis spring-time, and Nature her garlands is throwing
 O'er valley and vineyard, o'er mountain and tree ;
 The warm Southern gales are deliciously blowing ;
 The brooklets are dancing away in their glee ;
 While tender young florets are budding and growing,
 And tiniest germs burst their bonds and are free.

Dear girl, 'tis thy spring-time, and Beauty's fair beaming
 Is cast on thy cheek and thy dark, speaking eye ;
 The sweet buds of Friendship rise round thee ; the dream-
 Of Love's rosy chaplets thy pillow is nigh ; [ing
 While Intellect's gardens before thee are teeming
 With Wisdom's rich blossoms bedewed from on high.

Wouldst keep the fresh hue of thy lip from decaying,
 And hold the hushed zephyrs of rest on thy brow ?
 Wouldst gather of Science the pearls she's displaying,
 And aye from regret keep thy spirit as now ?—
 Then list the great lesson the World is assaying
 To stamp on the hearts of the young such as thou.

For the dew and the breeze that her face are adorning
Rich, odorous incense she lavishly showers ;
The rill for its night-song she pays in the morning
By hanging its willow-fringed borders with flowers ;
And unto the sun, his least ray never scorning,
Attributes her beauties, perfections and powers.

Thus let thy full gratitude, ever ascending,
Express thy repose in the blessings enjoyed ;
Give kindness and truth in thy converse free blending,
That kindred communion may ne'er be alloyed ;
Partake of the knowledge each leaf is extending,
And the bliss of thy bosom shall ne'er be destroyed.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth open-eyed and fearless acts,
Progress in goodness steady seeks ;
Falsehood, close squinting, sly detracts,
And mainly selfish aims bespeaks.

Truth, much maligned, Time hurries higher,
Feeds by a flow from ebbless source ;
Spite and its treach'rous tales expire
'Neath their own ignominious force.

PARODY ON "WHY SHOULD WE DREAM."

Oh, let us dream of bliss supreme
In realms some radiant star above ;
Yet, grant the while the joy-lit smile
Of hope in this world's faithful love.

Oh, let us paint elysiums quaint,
Till scenes soul-worshiped greet us here—
Till beings real chase the ideal,
Peopling with life our love-built sphere.

Let Fancy's eye seek to descry
A place which rapture may impart,
Till sweet home where love lightens care
Be found within a loving heart.

Oh, then shall love like that above
With every thought be freely given ;
And earthly home in truth become
The very counterpart of heaven.

The lonely heart hath only part
In vague and broken dreams of love ;
Therefore, we dream of bliss supreme
In realm some radiant star above.

Till pleasures make the gloom mists break
That hover round one halcyon gleam—
Till gladness flow from mutual glow,
Let the lone spirit fondly dream.

And, then if love to mortals prove
But half as blissful as it seems,
From bosoms true, like tropic dew,
Shall vanish every need of dreams.

TOKEN—PENCILED AT CAMP MEETING.

We meet to blend the light of spirit powers,
Exchange the nectar from the flowers of thought,
Unite soul ties in these harmonic hours,
And part with blessings lasting friendship fraught.

Here verdant pines o'erspread our simple tents,
And virgin soil gives walks by waters sweet,
While speech inspired the higher law presents,
Where truth, love, liberty and wisdom meet.

RESPONSE TO M. L. C.

Lady of the pensive eye,
I prize thy token, and securely fold it
With dear mementoes, and as such will hold it
As years are rolling by:
Be it a spirit bond, and when I read it,
Be my heart moved afresh to truly heed it,
And learn e'en words don't die.

Surely I'll muse on thee,
Thy thoughtful brow, the dark, bright ringlets 'round it;
Thy gaze serene, the artless air that crowned it
When first thou camst to me;
Thy quick idea, the shrewd reply that spoke it;
Thy meaning smile, the wary wit that woke it;
All gleam on Memory's sea.

Nor float thy charms alone—
Thy husband's happy face, the glow that wreathed it;
His breast of brimming mirth, the voice that breathed it
In merry trusting tone,
With thine are mirrored—and thy child, Love bless it!
Howe'er beheld invites me to caress it,
So fairy-like it shone.

Oft of thy gift I'll think
For blessed Friendship's sake ; her beamings light it ;
Her rays illume this, for, dear, I write it
 To form a lasting link
In her sweet chain ; may Time's touch firm unite it.
Nor care, nor calumny, nor coldness blight it,
 Till life's last sand shall sink.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

How sweet this thoughtful hour to gaze
 Upon the Western skies,
While Admiration's myriad scenes
 In quick succession rise—
To see the painted clouds spread wide,
 Or tower in pillared piles ;
And feel the bosom warmer glow
 Reflecting all their smiles.

Eve after eve, this nook I seek
 With casement open thrown ;
Come join me, friends, the sight's too fair
 To be enjoyed alone :
Oft have I wished some dear ones near,
 To feel and tell the power
These bowing, golden heavens exert
 In this most charming hour.

More brightly beams the gorgeous scene
Beheld by kindred eyes ;
As pleasures more than doubled are
When heart to heart replies :
Th' adoring mind, when it partakes
No genial, answering tone,
An offering is without a shrine,
A crown without a throne.

Come point the ever varying forms
And dyes the cloudlets take ;
Disclose the lofty thoughts which yon
First glimmering stars awake —
And let me hear you free exclaim
When first the gaze shall rest
Upon that stone-like, rolling mount
Before the blue North-west.

What characters are penciled on
Those curtains of the sky
That draw from humbler scenes the soul
In nameless bliss on high ?
What speak their bright and massive folds,
Their long resplendent lines
That hang their rainbow hues so low
Earth's boundless green combines ?

Methinks you say, sublimity
In softest signs is read,
Great grandeur with great goodness blent,
On Air's pure banner spread—
With richest beauty, surest care
Which knows not wane or death ;
And boundless love for every soul
Infinitude gives breath.

A lavish, splendor-strewing fate
Adorns the aerial vault,
And loads the blooming earth with gifts
That satiate every want—
On all this richness glows the pledge
That onward life shall flow
To lovelier realms, where wiser friends
May happier lives bestow.

Then for the beauteous prospects given,
And bounteous blessings shared,
Let cheerful gratitude be ours,
By kindly deeds declared ;
For promises of ample power,
And hopes of future joy,
Let others' needs our grace inspire,
Their help our hands employ.

GREETING TO "LOUISA."

When the glance leads the mind and the feelings along
Thro' th' smooth and harmonious course of thy song,
Where sentiments pure from a spirit at rest
Call ready responses of joy from the breast,
I fly to thy dwelling on Fancy's fleet wing,
And list the soft notes from their fount as they spring.

When mute admiration of full, gushing thought,
Of fertile ideas in garlands well wrought,
Of artlessness making most pleasing the spell
When simplest expression subliming truths tell,
Is drawn in the wake of thy warblings, I send
Thee proffers of love, gentle sister and friend.

Say not that I'd flatter, for far from my soul
Be that sin as this orb's central line from its pole :
Spontaneous springs friendship ; guile taketh no part
In its unpurchased promptings, heart answereth to heart ;
So spring and so answer our sympathies when moved
Into musical echoes by lyres that are loved.

But one year has past, with its shine-dappled shade,
Since first my pleased eyes on thy sweet verse were
Yet, brief as has been the acquaintance, 'tis dear, [laid ;
And far as we're distant, our spirits seem near ;
For Time's rapid circles and space are as naught
To the converse of soul and the travel of thought.

And tho' I may ne'er in this mutable land,
Save in fancy, behold thee, and press thy warm hand;
Tho' Fortune may different ways our feet turn,
And kindle new loves in our bosoms to burn,
Let me hold thee in memory as one much esteemed
For the graces and virtues that thro' her pen beamed.

ACROSTIC.—SOLICITED.

Could I favor of Graces or Muses obtain,
On gaily-tuned warblings I'd waft a rich strain,
Rolling full as the breeze; but Apollo's cool look
Now couples with Calliope's colder rebuke;
Erato offers a soft, careless smile;
Long-worshiped Euterpe's indiff'rent the while;
In sacred reserve sits Urania so bland;
Unmoved, even Thalia waves not her wand:
So, my verse uninspiring, no rapture evolves—
But enough if it please him whose title it solves.

Calm as a still sunset 'neath purple-robed skies,
Or a scene that reposing in Luna's sheen lies,
May his sweetness of soul be whose affable mien
Perpetuates friendship, elicits esteem;
Through life be it placid as features declare;
O'er death as triumphant as seraph in air,
No vapors beclouding Elysium fair.

O, LOVELY MOON!

O, lovely Moon ! would I might waft
Some suiting song to thee,
As kindly, even fondly thou
Look'st down in smiles on me ;
But every thought thy rays inspire
In bard or lass or swain,
So oft has to thy throne been sent
In mellow, moving strain,
That if I touch my little lyre
Some tone, word, or idea
Which thou hast often heard will 'scape
Its fragile chords I fear ;
Then how could I before the world,
Still less before thy face,
Abide the worst of destinies,
The plagiarist's disgrace.

Poets are ever fain to breathe
Their fervor in thine ear ;
And know by thy approving gaze
That thou inclin'st to hear ;
They tell their sorrows, joys and loves,
Amid thy mildest beams ;
There twine rich, never-fading wreaths,
And draw most rapturous dreams ;

There praise the muses, bless the powers
That bliss and being gave ;
There woo their Maries, plight their truth,
All minstrels lovers have ;
Then, lest some scene thy ken has missed,
In sweetly lavish lay
They chant the drama o'er again ;
What now is left to say ?

Yet, lovely Moon, when all alone
I wander in thy light,
Beholding how surpassing fair
Thou mak'st the slumbering night ;
My heart with music gales is stirred,
My eyes devoutly turn
Unto thy patronizing mien
Thy mystic lore to learn ;
I cannot view the tinsel'd clouds,
The skies in brooklet's bed,
The field's and forest's mantling green,
The blossom's dew-crowned head,
And be entirely mute, for though
Emotions speechless are,
They cannot passive be when waked
By thy still gliding car.

Then, if a strain I may not trill
 Of beauteous things that glow
In shining emanations which
 Thy golden ringlets throw ;
Of hopes that brighter colorings take,
 From thy enchanting spell,
And faith so full that fright ne'er calls
 From her cold, covert cell,
Permit the notes that hint the joys
 Thy night-shed radiance brings,
As truly on thy circling course
 Thou track'st thy airy rings,
And when thy magic influence draws
 The silent soul aboon,
Let it believe its homage owned,
 O, lofty, lovely Moon !

AIR-LINE MUTUALITY.

“ Mary, my thought is evermore of thee ;
 Is it embraced by a return as free ? ”

Full oft I think of thee, at morn and dewy even ;
When mind is soaring free, and when to task 'tis given.
As science news transmits by air's electric fires,
Souls telegraphic kiss on viewless spirit wires.

A TENDER PLEDGE.

Dear girl, I leave this pledge to tell
How truly Friendship's ties we'd twine,
Did hills not rise and rivers swell
Between thy cherished home and mine.

If ne'er again in time we meet,
These lines will form a souvenir
Of one whose warm heart loves to greet
The kindly hands extended her.

And when to distant scenes I'm borne,
Where other smiling faces beam,
Mem'ry will turn to this sweet morn,
And of thy prized expressions deem.

When on Life's way lone hours appear,
Let this the Album's office be,
On Love's celestial lines to bear
Thee to thy friends and them to thee.

A REMINISCENCE.

The Sun's golden disc had just sunk from my gaze,
But grandly diverging ascended his rays ;
And soft purple clouds lay so low in the West
Their gilt-fretted margins the far hilltops pressed.

Higher up in the dome by the universe hung
Long lines of carnation and amber were flung ;
And above them a stripe of each beauteous hue,
From the faintest of azure to deepest of blue.

Still higher were spread like the wings of the world ;
Or a ponderous fleet's massy canvas unfurled,
A tissue so delicate, dapple and bright,
A glance prompted wonder, a prospect, delight.

Thence off to the northward and southward remote,
Light, fleecy detachments lay firmly afloat ;
But the varying tinsel, tho' hovering round,
Veiled not the serene of the zenith profound.

The Eastern horizon, less crimson and light,
Seemed an ocean of glass, calm and silvery white ;
Gray cloudlets, slow moving, made ships for the seas,
And changed them to armies, to chariots and trees.

Thus canopied on loved Chenango's green shore,
I stood and saw all things conspire to adore ;
And scarce could believe my steps frail flowers bent,
While regions sublime held my joy so intent.

Then I turned to survey the warm landscape, and lo !
It had caught from the skies an ineffable glow ;
Each visible object its gratitude smiled,
E'en the huge quarry-cliff, and the pale blossom wild.

The forest-crowned hill hushed its deep, hollow tone,
And in borrowed effulgence laughed proudly, and shone ;
The rich, bordered valley was lit by a power
More charming than moonlight on It'ly's best bower.

The hum of the village was dying away ;
That hour was the climax that hallowed the day ;
Spires and turrets were gilded anew for the scene ;
The time-tarnished fortress was mantled in sheen.

And brighter than all the gay earth could display,
Was the river that rolled on its clear circling way,
With the gorgeous pavilion of sky-views impressed,
Like homes for the soul, on its crystalline breast.

(Reflection, thou emblem of Infinite Love !
Illuming the waters from splendors above ;
Thou cheerest our midnights with Luna's bright noons,
Our hearts with the light of life's multiform boons.)

Small pebbles and shells to that stream were as dear
As rich corals and pearls 'neath its waves might appear;
And bloom bending vines that its fair brim o'erhung
The nymphs might be grateful to gambol among.

A fresh southern breeze gently swung each light bough
Which its softest inflections were murmuring thro';
And its tones on the ear in sweet symphony fell,
As from chords well attuned in their cadence and swell.

'Twas school-time in bliss, on that green bank to rest;
The resonant music was that I loved best;
A scene more sublime I need ne'er seek to share;
Nor love more devout than creation voiced there.

As rivals, yet aids, all united to raise
An Anthem benignant in Fellowship's praise:
One blemish recalled was the human domain,
Man's grasping, not rend'ring, his bondage, its pain.

At such time, in such temple, who would not incline,
In the gladness of Nature's communion to join;
And grieved that one source of alloy should remain,
Resolve to erase from her features that stain?

DEMISE BY COLLISION OF CARS.

From lip to lip a sigh runs free—
A wail, a long, low wail, is sped
O'er the rich plains of Genesee—
The young, the gentle Martha's fled.

Few weeks ago her radiant cheek
And eye were Health's and Beauty's own ;
Her voice of laugh and song could speak
Of pleasure in each silver tone.

But e'en amid the sounds of mirth
And gleeful joy a message came,
Which sent o'er life's glad dreams a dearth,
And quenched its lovely mortal flame.

Her mates now mourn a gem withdrawn,
Viewing the corse—the only dead—
And seeking its rare virtues, gone,
Find but the pall and urn instead.

She would have lived, for life was sweet,
And its high hopes had airy wings,
Which set her bloom-encircled feet
On heights where Love of rapture sings.

She would have lived to bless the few
Congenial friends who knew her best,
Who joy-beams in her pathway threw,
And gave her trusting spirit rest.

But when the agonizing pain
From fractured bones and surgeon's probe
Had tried too long the patient brain,
She looked above for an abode.

And found it there—a glorious home,
Where suff'ring may not find a place ;
Where every soul at last shall roam,
And every hour new bliss embrace.

My unknown friends, deem it not strange
That thus a stranger chants a dirge ;
For she has seen bright features change,
As change the soft waves to the surge,

While telling how the fair one fell,
How quick the stroke, how deep the woe ;
How yearned the stricken one to dwell
In earthly love's spontaneous flow—

And Sympathy, the psychic fire
That warms the Muse and bids it dare
Inscribe the notes that thrill its lyre,
Will to the world the Scripture bear.

Song lights a glow divine, humane,
And vistas opes from heart to heart—
Illumes rich Nature's soul-linked chain ;
Death is new birth—dear ties ne'er part.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM EXERCISE.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXORDIUM. FOR BOYS' ROSTRUM.

The bump which bears the shining scales of right*
 Brings me before you this auspicious night—
 My peers declaim, and why not I they ask ;
 I will, if equals Self Esteem,* the task—
 Yet, while I promise, Love of Praise* looks down
 With cooling influence on the aspiring crown.

Still, Firmness* cries proceed, Hope,* void of fears,
 Her anchor sinks, and high her beacon rears :
 A glowing speech I'll give, with patience wait,
 For Ideality* now sits in state ;
 And, Reason,* ready to weigh and compare,
 Shall make it logical as it is fair.

Benevolence* directs to mercy's themes,
 And of the poor, the sick and sorrowing deems.
 But this command comes up from either ear,*
 Resist with zeal the wrongs abounding here.
 And now Adhesiveness* my hands extends,
 Whispering, how sweet to make you all my friends.

Says Caution,* lest we fail, we must defer
 Until these functions in design concur ;
 Language* insists that half the thoughts that press
 Can ne'er find utterance in fit address ;
 And Continuity,* to serve unused,
 Would of the waiting concourse be excused.

* Puts his finger to the organ specified through the piece.

LYCEUM EXERCISE.

OUR PRIVILEGES. FOR BOYS.

Short time ago on this same spot
Waved to the winds the unbroken wild—
Here stood the rude, o'ershadowed cot,
And gamboled here the savage child.
Now meadows wave and gardens bloom
Round many a sweet and gorgeous home;
Here knowledge sheds her shimmering gleams,
And Science pours her priceless beams.

The dusky boy of barbarous lands,
Reared as his uninstructed sire,
May learn 'mid palms and burning sands
Some transient joys, but nothing higher:
While we, mid walks of life refined,
May e'en in childhood store the mind
With truths sublime that wake each power
To loftier pleasures, hour by hour.

Erewhile the people's means of gain,
And of defense were spear and lance—
And mythic shrine, and bigot's fane
Still bound and dim the churchman's glance:
But reasoning thought is our resource,
Union and culture banish force—
Progress gives hope for freedom's cause—
Justice must sway in creeds and laws.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM EXERCISE.

TO SCIENCE. FOR BOYS.

Inviting science, now my youthful eyes
Just faintly see thy morning splendors rise :
A few bright rays have warmed my vague ideas ;
Hence I address thee with no faltering fears.

Wilt thou bestow thy genial beams and light
What yet in me is chaos, dim as night ?
I long to hail thy honor-laden boon,
And view the grandeur of thy golden noon.

Show me the treasures high and truths refined
Which best shall bear aloft my boyish mind ;
Give me the keys to Wisdom's boundless stores,
And bolts for Sin's defiles and massive doors.

Grant, Reason's guide to genius, what I ask,
Tho' but a youth and this an early task ;
Thy grace will help me merit, if aught can,
When grown in stature, the proud title, Man.

TO THE AMERICAN BRIDE OF A GERMAN PROFESSOR.

While viewing thy casket of gems, I inquire,
Can I add to the beauty or worth of the treasure?
This answer arises : thy friend may desire
To know if thou hast in her weal any pleasure.

Believe me, 'tis pleasing beyond what I tell,
To witness enjoyments possessed by another ;
And for thy best happiness in me doth swell
As fervent a wish as breathes sister or brother.

Be thy life as blest as these fair emblems speak ;
Beneath thy glad feet ever spring the gay flowers ;
Around may the accents of Melody break,
As cheery and free as from birds in wild bowers.

Thy bliss to augment, may the man of thy choice,
Who country, home, friends left across the wide waters,
Hold dear thy delights, as sweet Liberty's voice
That called to her land and the love of her daughters.

LOVE'S EYES.

Love's Eyes, how far soe'er they roam,
Their glowing light aside ne'er turn ;
But constant shine, as in the dome
Of ether clear the planets burn.

They are the Sun that gleams at morn,
And paints the orient, amber heaven—
That flames at noon cheering and warm,
And guilds the world at coming even.

They are the soft enchanting Moon
That charms away the gloom of night ;
And hides anon to prove how soon
We'll languish for her magic light.

They are the Stars that beam more pure
Than golden India's richest gem—
That look from their high thrones and lure
The soul from all beside to them.

They are the Fountains deep and full,
Pellucid and of nameless hue,
Whose dimpling waters softly roll
Their mystic wavelets to the view—

Whose cloud reflectors half conceal
The glittering pearls their beds supply ;
But ever beauties new reveal,
Perceived the moment that they fly.

They are the Drops of sparkling dew
That tremble on the blushing flower ;
The velvet Petals, purple, blue,
Glossed by the glad'ning vernal shower.

Love's Eyes ! they are each lustrous ball,
Each limpid pool and floral bell ;
And should the fates obscure them all,
Our fancies would relume them well.

THE WHIRLWIND.

Serene as the silvery waters which lay
In the Sun's rosy smile, 'neath the still Zephyr's play,
Was the sky when the morning with golden gleams
On the beautiful vale of the flourishing Oak, [broke
In whose leaves the soft breeze with gay birds sweetly
sang,
At whose root fragrant flowers from the verdant sod
sprang.

But dark and tumultuous as armies of yore,
Whose chariots, chargers and clarions tore
The air with their din, was the welkin ere night,
Lit but by the lightning's red lines of quick light ;
And perished that Tree in its grandeur so bold,
Bowed, broken, and bared by the Whirlwind—behold !

Thy sky, blooming maiden, is bright as that dawn ;
Thy pathway as fair as that violet lawn ;
Thy music from forest and streamlet is sweet ;
Thy pleasures increasing ; thy cares few and fleet ;
Thy virtues adorn thee ; make wisdom thy pride ;
And rise like the Tree by the clear water's side.

But deem not the pure amber heavens will last,
With no clouds of distress o'er their radiance cast ;
For life hath its Whirlwinds which search—yes, and
shake
Its high-founded hopes, its weak fabrics break.
Be strong, then, in Goodness, 'twill shield in the shock ;
Bend like the low reed, yet resist like the rock.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, thy balmy atmosphere
The dews of peace distill ;
And clearest light 'neath calmest skies
Thy flowery regions fill.
In softened halos shed around
Thy votaries would I live—
Share and enhance communions true,
The loving only give.

Thy genial powers the soul expand,
And sordid motives chase,
Filling their void with wealth that works
The kindly to embrace.
Each waste that might the heart have chilled,
With garden bloom is crowned ;
Aroma rich is free exhaled,
And sunny fruits abound.

If on thy grounds a reptile steals,
Or spring the wind-sown tares ;
A watchful eye the trespass sees,
A tender hand repairs.
If clouds to thy horizon come,
And darkling shawows cast,
They're driven by radiant beams away,
As webs before the blast.

Friendship, I'd never, wandering, break
Thy soft, pearl-woven chain ;
Content to list the dulcet tones
That fill thy fair domain—
Bestow my best from depths of soul,
With glad, harmonious mind,
And in the hands and lips I press
Unfeigned responses find.

PLIGHT OF THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Shorten my skirts, mother, shorten your own.

Shorten my skirts, mother, shorten my skirts ;
I am fainting with weariness, dressing like flirts :
Never a step at my toils can I take,
But my strength trails away, and I gather an ache ;
Never at dance, leisure stroll, or croquet,
Can I move but these flounces fall right in the way :
I can't hold them up and half work, play, or try.
Oh, shorten them, mother, or soon I must die !

Oh, sever these tie-backs ! they put me to shame,
For they mock every joint Nature fixed in my frame :
They exhibit each muscle, and tell that I know it,
And that snobbish notice impels me to show it.
'Tis a great deal too bald, tho' about like the rest
Of frauds cunning misers on soft heads have prest.
I'm beginning to see how men *too* bear sad witness
That mothers entail both the falsehood and sickness.

Away with my corsets, dear mother, I pray—
Let my lungs swell with life, my ribs healthfully sway :
Sick of pallor, paint, torture, remorse, and their train,
I resolve from their causes to wholly refrain.
I've floundered in trammels and sunk 'neath their
I've panted in grips that my spirit doth hate ; [weight;
The fashions in sordid intrigue change and live.
All mothers, pray cease their example to give !

For all human weal, mothers, rise in your might ;
Your own bodies thriving in robes loose and light ;
Your whole systems honored, no organs neglected—
Be sure that your long-abused legs are respected.
The wise will sustain you, the weak shortly learn to ;
And we, falter'ring girls, having old guides to turn to,
Can rise from the sinks of vain show and vile caste,
And have mothers to follow in wisdom at last.

Release your souls, mothers, from every passion
Enslaving in vice and disease-fostering fashion.
Appeals to your vanity always have taught you
The reckless excess that most miseries brought you ;
Now shun painted shams, and turning, teach others,
Not daughters alone, but kind fathers and brothers,
That true, temperate living reveals the solutions
Of all vexing problems, ends all prostitutions.

So, shorten your skirts, mothers, banish the bodice,
Have feet free as Dian's, and forms like the goddess ;
Stand by, go before us, all earth craves this duty,
And we'll prove to prudes Nature understands beauty.
Cosmetics, go hence—real bloom seeks your place !
Even fops shall concede that both grandeur and grace
Can dwell with the woman who lives divine law,
Apparent in trousers, despite the old saw.

Be world's saviors, mothers, deserving no more
The stigma weak-minded, and jests by the score :
Let use and rich character crown your appearance,
Saying clearer than words, we give no more adherence
To Trade's tricky flatt'ries and sensuous simpers,
But leave them behind with scarecrow-frightened
limpers.
Cry us goodspeed, dear fathers, be faithful, brave
brothers ;
We'll save threatened ages ; but help, help us, mothers !

What boots it that av'rice and false pride approve you ?
To mend women's customs it mostly behooves you.
What sacrifice seems, sends reward and long blessing,
Rich life, peaceful transit ; beyond, sweet possessing.
Payment and penalty now and forever,
From body, mind, spirit, no power can sever—
Great agonies thro' wicked ways fill creation.
Oh, mothers and matrons, bequeath a salvation !

WOMAN AND MAN.

The sun and dew unfold the rose and lily—
The sun and dew develop the oak and cedar.
The gentleness of her charms excuse not weakness.
The strength of his will and arms excuse not grossness.

Virtue is Woman's strength, her beauty's brightness—
Industry her defense, her spirit's lightness—
Kindness her passport to the good and gentle—
Love her charmed wand the graces to assemble—
Love her soft weapon sin and sorrow slaying—
Peace her reward for countless ills allaying—
Truth is the torch by which life's pearls she's seeing—
Truth to herself, the honor of her being.

And what is Man's strong hold, his shining tower?—
What his enduring fame, his *real* power?—
What the best lore his grasping mind acquires?—
What the ascent to all his high desires?—
What makes him worthy to claim self-dominion,
And hold of Woman's Trust the folded pinion?
Those attributes that crown her traits so sweetly,
And those alone ennable him completely.

LEVI'S ALMOST.

His influence comes at eventide
When toil and care are o'er;
And singing sweetly by my side
Proclaims the past no more
Has power with grief the soul to sway ;
ALMOST has Love's sure seal
Set on the converse of to-day
The stamp of human weal ;—

Comes when in vain I seek for rest,
And slowly breaks the morn ;
And folds to warm fraternal breast
This chill and weary form :
Then each with thoughts as seraph's chaste,
And words as theirs serene,
We soar from every worldly waste,
And dream *Almost* one dream ;—

Comes when high noon gives health and cheer,
And robes the vales in light ;
And smiling says, although 'tis clear
That ALMOST is not *quite*,
It forms a bond so strong and dear
That coming time shall prove
No kinder friends can clasp hands here,
No purer meet above.

THE TIME TO DIE.

“Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!”

All times for carnal matter to decay,
And live again in bloom and fruit.
Death only means a change of suit
For dust to make, while spirits soar away.

Come when thou wilt, O Death! 'tis not for me
To mark the times and seasons; come when snows
Wrap the cold earth and billows robe the sea,
Or when warm suns fling flowers on turf and tree.
Come when Youth's hopes and joys are set in light,
And Expectation's shining current flows—
While the sweet links of trusting life are bright,
Or when weak age shall turn my day to night.

If thy time be when Friendship's kind caress
The heart of confidence with pleasure thrills—
When memories fond endear the hand I press,
And Nature's trancing charms my senses bless;
Then farewell these, to realms will I ascend
Where hallowed kinship life with concord fills;
There action, beauty, bliss, perfection blend,
And of their triumph Truth records no end.

If thou, in tender mercy, shalt me seek
When sorrows weigh my bleeding bosom down—
When cruel hands abuse and malice wreak,
And callous tongues distrust and falsehood speak—
When lone bereavements fill my cup of woe,
And dangers on my chastened spirit frown ;
Then I'll embrace each friend, forgive each foe,
And thank thee that my soul all free may go.

Some bid thee come but when the leaves are sere—
Some, but when garlands green adorn young spring—
Some, but when time-worn sinews draw thee near—
Some, ere soft cheeks have felt affliction's tear—
Some fain would ever from thy pale arms fly ;
But when thou wilt thy summons to me bring ;
Only let me outlive not sweets which lie
In resignation to the mandate high.

Come when in vernal freshness all things smile,
The leaflet, springing blade and budding flower ;
When full rills chime along the fair defile,
And forest minstrels chant their lays the while ;
When richest fragrance fills the balmy breeze ;
Then lay me down in some sequestered bower
Where music blithe of happy birds and bees,
And moss-brimmed booklets move the mystic trees.

Come when the Summer's blue and amber skies
Their genial powers impart, and o'er the land
A gorgeous garment, bloom bedizened, lies,
And notes of joy from countless creatures rise ;
When fields of plenty wave their golden hair;
And rich profusion flows to every hand ;
When sounds of love and gladness load the air,
And consecrate the shades ; inter me there.

Or when ripe Autumn, many-hued and chill,
Fantastic queen, reigns o'er the changing year ;
When sheaves and fruits the laborer's garners fill,
And he, not satiate with abundance, still
Piles the proud hoard, or presses to the mart [compeer ;
Where man, mid crowds, nor friend knows, nor
Come calmly then and lay my pulseless heart
'Neath rustling foliage, from the din apart.

Or when deep Winter's wild boreal gale
O'er wood and hill in fitful strains is rolled ;
When sombre requiems sweep the ice-bound vale,
And leafless boughs send on the wind their wail—
Come seal my eyes and still my swelling breath ;
The grave's white vestment cannot make more cold
The marble form its snowy pall beneath—
Tho' life be dear, come when thou wilt, O Death !

Choose, sing or weep—this lucid law stands high—
Our modes of life decree our times to die.

SUNRISE.

Again, thou beaming source and soul of day,
 The drowsy world is wakened by thy gaze;
 Thy radiant forehead frights the mists away
 That darkly pall the mount and forest maize.
 Enchanted nature hails thy glad return—
 Hills, domes and spires in willing homage blaze ;
 To altars turned, their glowing censers burn,
 And valleys praise as nymphs of night retire ;
 Each stream and lawn sends up its gems to shine,
 Lakes and old ocean catch the sacred fire—
 And, see ! the heavens were blushing long ago ;
 All things adore the grateful morn divine :
 Shall slumbering man alone the feast not know—
 Nor on all-giving suns his thanks bestow ?

NOON.

Bright burning Noon, for once the cares I'll flee
 Of busy day to contemplate thy charms—
 For charms thou hast tho' all unsung they be, [arms.
 And wealth ne'er brought by night's dew-dripping
 Above one flood of dazzling light we see,
 Diverging from its central point of fire ;
 Below the hushing breeze declares the hour
 When homeward hies the toil-devoted sire ;
 And childhood, freed from school's entralling power,
 Sports on the green with no unblest desire.
 The panting ox, his heavy yoke off-cast,
 Kneels in the shade where flock the gentle kine ;
 Fatigue enjoys a respite and repast,
 And fruitful Earth proclaims her treasures thine.

EVENING.

Again, O charming Twilight, have I come
 To sweetly muse thy falling dews among—
 With happy heart and noiseless step to roam
 Where tangled vines on bowing shrubs are hung :
 Yet, tho' the earth is fragrant, green and young
 As when the Summer warm supplants the Spring,
 I may not gaze where bloom-wrought wreaths are
 For skyward soars the spirit's wandering wing: [flung,
 Above the mist-top hills where echoes ring
 Soft amber cloudlets float in golden light,
 And bid the soul in rapt delight to sing
 A joyous welcome to the down-winged night,
 With eye intent on the blue depths afar
 Where beams a world in that bright ushering star.

THE MOON.

Fair crescent Moon, thy spiral round thou'st run ;
 And greeting comest on thy course afar,
 Where floating midway 'tween the hill-veiled sun
 And thy bright jeweled lamp, the evening star,
 Thou seal'st thy truth as all yon orbs have done,
 "Shouting" by shining since their primal morn ;
 Saying we take and give, we're grown, not born.
 Thy constancy should make the treacherous shun
 The placid light of thy becalming rays—
 Alas ! how can the false absenting one
 Night after night on thy sure coming gaze ?—
 Thy truth should falsehood's feverish votaries warn
 Long as its plain device shall steady blaze
 On thy round, golden shield and silver horn.

LIFE.

All things have Life after their kind ;
'Tis taught souls only add a mind—
And Human Life, self-lauded gift,
The question is—an answer sift.
My little sieve I'll dare to shake,
Tho' it be Old Time's place to take.
This conscious life ! 'Tis to inhale
The silent air and singing gale ;
To witness Life all nature thro',
And know we have a being too,
As, gazing on the glowing earth
Whose teeming bosom gave us birth,
We wondering, praise the powers august
Which caused our curious forms of dust,
Commingling with the clay supine
High emanations all divine,
Evolved so far they're Conscience-fine.
To feel the living currents start
Warm from the fountains of the heart,
And thro' their purple channels leap,
Thence flow again to caverns deep,
While countless chords in union beat,
And pulses quick, Life, Life, repeat.
It is to share a few brief years
Childhood's delights and transient tears ;

To bask amid its springing flowers,
And laugh and weep away its hours.
'Tis then elated to pursue
Each butterfly that flits in view,
That, if o'erta'en and eager caught,
Is but a bauble dearly bought;
Yea, but a weeping, trembling moth
That pity to possess is loth—
Like a plume snatched from glitt'ring wing,
Which proves a brown and sullied thing;
And leaves, besides the hope it foiled,
This sore regret, the wing's despoiled.
It is to deem each day, when passed,
Shall leave us blither than the last—
That when our youth we've clambered o'er,
And counted birthdays near a score,
The acme of fruition won,
Joy's sparkling stream shall steady run;
Increasing pleasures charm the day;
Sweet visions while the night away;
And constant friends with social bliss
Shall make a heavenly life of this.
But when those years are measured out,
It is to mingle fear and doubt
With the expectant joys that blest
The young and inexperienced breast.
Yet, every disappointment known
In youth's fair morn, forever flown,

Should, and does oft, impress full deep,
On memory's tablets truth which keep
A watch o'er ills that round us stalk,
Like sentinels who nightly walk.
'Tis good, tho' painful oft, to know
Keen thorns among our roses grow—
That every fulgid gleam afar
Proceeds not from enjoyment's star—
That, 'mong the lights which lure astray,
The phosphorescence of decay
May burn o'er fatal bog and mire,
Delusive as the glow-worm's fire
Which truants follow in the dark,
And, in obtaining, quench the spark.
Still, these first tasks in Wisdom's school,
Tho' learned in tears, fix not a rule
Which always may aright direct,
And from Enticement's snares protect :
They're but the discipline begun,
The rising of our ruling sun ;
For life is still too rashly speed
O'er shadowy lawn and dewy mead,
To covet still the clustering flowers
Profusely hung on lofty bowers,
And pluck the prize for which we toil,
But soon, with fingers pierced, recoil—
To deem the wreaths for which we've striven
For our possession sole were given,

Yet fail thro' measures we employ
To safely gather and enjoy.
And thus is passed a lapse of years,
In joys and sighs, in smiles and tears ;
Perchance they number half a score—
The wise count less, the wayward more ;
Few are so firm as not to fill
Them with alternate good and ill.
But this eventful crisis shows
The track which after-life pursues.
If thankless ta'en are bounties free,
Unhonored justice, right's decree—
Unheeded sore experience,
The law of certain recompense,
Then life is still to blindly stray
Along a rough, benighted way ; . . .
For pleasure seek, for bliss and rest,
But seeking wrong, 'tis fruitless quest,
And only culls a troublous store
From out the treasures rummaged o'er—
The very treasures which are sought,
But vainly, since the mind untaught
By goodness, honor, central truth,
Is purblind still—unlearned in sooth.
To such life is an exiled home,
Where, void of true delight, they roam ;
Where winter snows tell but of blight,
And household fires give cheerless light ;

Where the delicious bloom of spring
Can but insipid sweetness bring,
And summer's aromatic breeze
Loses its fragrance on the seas ;
Where serpents haunt the violet mound,
And breathe a noxious vapor 'round ;
Where groves bow coldly to the gale,
And brooks complain along the vale ;
If e'er they raise aspiring eyes
They drop them bleared by dazzling skies,
As, asking power by squandered time,
They only win faint echoes' chime :
E'en Friendship yields but stinted charms,
And Love extends indifferent arms—
Age early comes with tottering pace,
Dry, scanty locks and furrowed face—
Sad retrospection rends the brain ;
Prospect presents a moody train ;
And death looks horrent, and the tomb
Like cell of unremitting gloom—
All earth less lovely, less serene
Appears thro' sickly mediums seen.
Transgression marks their devious route,
Thence sorrows freely issue out ;
Woes long endured extinguish not
Fresh evils that o'errun their lot.
And life to them is misery ;
Its use, its true philosophy

Aloof remain, and cannot shed
Their genial light on heart or head.
They know not how to live, and why
Know how in happiness to die?
Life's equal and harmonious laws,
Not understood, effect and cause
Discordant seem, hence must they miss
This world's endearments, Nature's bliss.
But who's most erring, sire or son?
The coward parent, ten to one.
Yet life is not to all a snare,
A lilded fen that sighs, beware;
A tragic stage, half curtained, hid,
Nay, we are watching, works forbid.
To those who learn that ills accrue
As penalties, all justly due
(Save those Oppression's cruel hold
Sends for our service and our gold;
And those parental sin entails,
Conserving vice, its woes and wails);
Who reason on results and laws,
Learn whence felicities, whence flaws—
Essay to bring lorn wanderers back
To Virtue's true and solid track—
Who prize sincerely blessings given,
And trust, resigned, their inborn heaven,
Obeying Nature's wholesome laws,
Knowing effect, mutation, cause.

To those, life is a joyous boon,
A gladsome, golden, summer noon,
Which hath in all its azure skies
No cloud that did not there arise
To veil the Sun's too fervent blaze,
Or 'mind them that its priceless rays,
Like mists refreshing thirsty earth,
Are counted of too little worth—
Which hath on all its fertile grounds
No thorn but what in warning wounds,
To turn unwary feet aright,
Thro' Safety's walks in beauty dight.
Thus, Reason's realm, the boundless mind,
Its likeness in the skies doth find,
And mortal nature's mouldering form
Upon the earth those archings warm ;
And life becomes a home of peace,
Where joy with knowledge doth increase ;
Where freedom dwells with labor blent,
And innocence ensures content ;
Where autumn winds as welcome swell,
As Alpine shepherd's merry shell,
Or sable Afric's festal horn,
At evening o'er her valleys borne ;
Where frost consumes to reproduce,
And streams congeal for further use ;
And Winter's robe of stainless white
Reflects the smiling, silver light :

(For, certes, 'tis the heart the while
That makes a sunbeam frown or smile—
That makes a sounding zephyr play
A feral dirge or festive lay);
Where Spring her sweet embroidery flings
O'er brown and gray, yet living things;
And every forest, field and bower,
Tree, shrub and plant, germ, leaf, and flower,
Its lofty simile may find
Within the chambers of the mind.
Glad Summer sheds her balmy dews
And gentle showers, airs that diffuse
Her rich perfumes wide as the breeze,
And loads with luscious fruits the trees,
Bestrews with flowers the sunny glade,
And spreads the grateful noontide shade.
Here Love and Friendship sit enshrined,
A gem, a pearl, with powers combined,
Beaming in Virtue's halo bright,
A diadem of matchless light.
Life need not be, as some declare,
A frigid wild, a desert bare,
But might be a calm journey o'er
A fruitful, green and blooming shore—
An Eden decked with flowers so fair
They'd shame old fables, formed to scare;
With fruits so grateful, ripe and rich,
We'd wonder fablers thought to pitch

Into their tales the need of luring,
Odor and hue enough securing.
But then the masters needs must lay
An emblem on their rule of sway,
To teach the slaves they made the sinning,
The curse must fall on its beginning,
However galling, deep or endless—
Did not God make them patient, friendless,
And show them it was double sin
To murmur at their lordly kin,
For whom, and from whom made, their fate
Was fixed as vassal, not as mate?
How much of life for either sex
Obtains, when despots thus can vex
The hearts they type by vine and flower,
Dependent on a firmer power?
So little that 'tis like the waste
Found by the youth that baubles chased.
Yet passion reigned, and woman groaned,
Till earth and air were misery-toned.
And still old allegoric codes,
Upheld by craft, with added folds,
Homage of slaves by millions hold.
Women, the blinded dupes, endure
Sham standards laid, them to secure;
Psychologised by priest and caste,
Yield liberties and rights their last.
But centuries roll not all in vain,

Some have been thinking 'mid their pain—
Men have learned tyrants are earth's foes,
And broken bonds, tho' cruel throes
Of persecution dark and dire,
And unto death, by axe and fire,
Have marked their course, yet ground is gained,
And progress in true life maintained.
Of women, many see some light,
And pray in secret, "speed the right—" "
But fear of censure holds them weak,
While high conviction bids them speak.
A braver few with souls elate
In duty's promptings, view the state
Of mothers sacrificed to lust,
Fair daughters trampled, worse than dust;
And seizing all rights they can reach,
Scandal disdain, and fearless teach,
Knowing words for truth ne'er cease to preach.
These ope new paths, encourage all,
Drop the last vestige of their thrall,
And find in this strong toil and strife
A hallowed peace, a heaven-crowned life.
These are the saints in freedom's van,
Outworking purer life for man,
And justice for dear woman, shorn
Of her best rights since her first morn,
And made so tame by force and fetter,
She felt no claim for stations better.

'Tis these have found thro' science, thought,
Rich, equal laws they know had aught
To be enjoyed by all, and will,
When all a niche in freedom fill.

This seeming episode has come
Into my lay, but, worth its room,
Instead of an apology,
It craves a welcome warm and free.
It proves that truth to this strange life,
Goodness in acts, with joy is rife—
Directs the sad who, would amend
Where guardian helpers will attend,
To counsel, comfort, and befriend.
Truth points the choice, ecstatic seats
Where jocund worth grave candor meets ;
It wisdom's worthy walks defines,
And her important tasks assigns.
Upright intent, forgiveness sweet,
Good-will and kindness, all discreet,
Great offices perform unseen,
With angel wills guiding between
Them and the vile : a knave unmanned,
May fail in deadly purpose planned.
Thus warnings reach unwary ones—
Beware's impressed, a wanderer shuns
The unknown ambush deep and dread
(Unwitting why he turned his tread),

Where shame and crime of crimson dye,
Incite the wretch in wait to lie.
We'd see things truly if our eyes
Were cleared of motes, their carnal guise—
See *good* in radiant aura drest,
The star of truth its glowing crest,
To draw true hearts, as censers blest,
To altars pure and shrines of rest.
And evil, suffered to remain
Upon the earth like fabled Cain,
Would bear upon its front a stain,
Like him the slaying yet unslain.
To live with motives undefiled,
Unswerving honor's vouchers mild,
In world where right and wrong intent
Their timely, lawful fruits present,
And good we always may bestow,
Is real rest and peace to know.
It is along fair vales to glide,
With beamy slope on either side,
Reflecting from the various charms,
Grand cliffs 'neath forest's swaying arms,
And shrubs, e'en grass, in floral crown,
The golden sunbeams flowing down.
To pull rich clusters from the vine
That leaps, impurpled, round the pine,
Not fearing the delicious food
A drop of poison may exude ;

Nor that around the myrtle bed,
With music sweeping over head,
A loathsome reptile lurks to creep
O'er the moss pillow while we sleep.
It is to ramble thro' the grove
Where fawn or lambkin blithely rove,
Where birds careering on the breeze
With songs enchant the very trees,
And learn of those in joy to share,
The gifts luxuriant lavished there ;
Of these that sharing them implies
That grateful anthems should arise,
Which, rendering all the soul requires,
Promotes delights, exalts desires.
To own, if well high law we heed,
Sound health, the base of all we need,
Repose of mind, with hands employed,
Sensations calm, flesh unannoyed ;
When mind its knowledge frames to speech,
Its truths, experience-learned would teach,
For those who love not bird nor bee,
Nor in a landscape beauty see.
The loving and reflecting learn
All good to cherish, each in turn ;
On gleby hill or lea combine
Some pleasure new and lore divine ;
As, with the morn, of purpose true,
They brush the sweet, nectareous dew

From grass and leaf where it exhales,
And Nature's elements regales.
Life, used, and not abused, 'tis clear,
Is to embrace the pure and dear
In nature, and if found in man
Or woman, bless, but never ban.
It loves the groves that green crowns bear,
And woos their fresh and vital air
That gives each branching arm a harp,
Attuned to sounds obtuse and sharp,
And lends each vocal leaf afloat
A varied soft, æolian note.
The eye entranced, and all attent,
Sweeps the wide scenery redolent,
And quick imbibes the ready ear
Harmonic tones, remote and near ;
The breast, responsive, thrills to all
That, smiling, binds the pleasing thrall,
Or, singing, stirs the mutual soul,
Whose melody absorbs the whole.
It is to walk on pleasant shore,
And hear the free old ocean roar,
Whose heaving bosom seeks the moon,
Its loyal consort, high aboon—
Whose billows swell, unfold, subside,
To win their votaries o'er the tide,
And rocking, flashing, sparkling still,
Attest their marvels, might and skill.

To sail, at least, in Fancy's bark,
Athwart the surge, sublimely dark,
And, like it, lift the heart above,
Attracted by a stronger love.
It is to rest by placid stream,
And of Elysian waters dream—
To list the music-breathing wave
That pebbled borders gently lave,
And hear in it an angel's chant,
Or lay from maiden's willow-haunt—
To see diffused along its course
Such beauty as proclaims its source
Related to each bounteous mind
Whose province is to bless mankind.

Then slowly steals with silent tread,
Submissive Age with sapient head—
With mien most affably demure,
And countenance complacent, pure ;
Serenely burns the lamp within,
Consuming sorrow, care and sin.
Tho' Weakness wan doth trembling stand
And whisper, See the grave at hand ;
Calmly the voice of Peace replies,
Earth's heavens bear me to my prize,
Roaming here still, or't please me, rise.
O melancholy mortal raise
From dismal depths thy darkling gaze !

Why wrap in clouds, and turn the light,
By brooding grief, to gloomy night ?
For thee Heaven's countless planets shine,
And Earth's ten thousand beams are thine :
Rekindle first thy inner ray,
And all is luminous, all day.
Misanthrope, hath thy love been tried
Until the hallowed flame hath died ?
Till on the shrine whose breathings glowed
Like fervid incense while they flowed,
Only embers enough survive
To keep the freezing soul alive ?
Then leave in the oblivious past,
The ingrate friends, nay foes, who cast
From them thy bruised and bleeding heart,
As if it could not claim a part
In their cold breasts whose hate, or pride,
It reciprocity denied.
And, hopeful, seek again to find
Companions true, congenial, kind—
Thy friendly hand a Friend's may grasp,
Some Bosom's warmth may thine unclasp—
Affection's withered germs may shoot
Anew and take abiding root.
But if thou still dost meet repulse,
And deeper wounds thy soul convulse—
If to no tender human thing,
Thy wish for sympathy can cling ;

Check not, nor suffer to subside
The courage late in thee revived ;
But on the multitude dispense
Thy yearnings of beneficence.
Nature, in the clear river's flow,
Rural expanse and blossom's glow,
Has cheering charms for spirits lone,
And turns to music many a moan.
The year's luxurious stores may prove,
'Mid faithless fellows, worth some love—
The mountain pines, and cedar bands
Intwine their arms and clasp their hands.
Select thy tree, shrub, flower, or vine,
Round which thy small aspirings twine ;
Which foster with affection's care—
Thy budding hopes will centre there ;
In dews its tears with thee 'twill weep,
With thee long, pensive vigils keep—
Respond thy sigh, return thy kiss,
And smile at length with thee in bliss.
That moment gained, the smouldering spark,
Pent in its chamber, chill and dark,
Shall send its warm, transporting rays
Thro' all thy cloistered bosom's maze—
Its gleams shall to thy brow arise,
And lift, and light thy downward eyes ;
When even *thou*, shalt free confess,
That Life well-lived, is Happiness.

MY FAMILY.

Am musing on my Family to-day,
Love-bound, care-held, in ample home of peace.
By freedom cheered 'mid much variety
Of labors, pleasures, traits, fancies and arts ;
All are well-formed, fair-faced, intelligent.
My love inclines on each to hum a strain,
Linked, like home usefulness, in one refrain.

Abraham Tillotson is father's name.
The lineage, I learn, two centuries runs
To good Archbishop Tillotson, who rose,
Thro' dwarfing creeds, to personal choice in speech ;
And comments left as guides to greater growth.
Those, doubtless, of this name in these new States
Are kindred heirs to some free thinking worth,
And, like their distant sire, should truth uphold.
The Abram's from near grandsire's reverence ;
Yet ancient traits they had been taught to prize
Descended not with name ; they went elsewhere,
And still warp minds, and famish souls, alas !
My father well examined rituals ;
Read the old record, thousand times revised,
All into shreds of selfish sects and kings,
And learned as far as Universalism
Before my head was in the cradle laid.
As reasoner he is clear, deep, logical ;
As man, just, temperate and benevolent.

Twenty more years, and he, mother and I,
From *that*, the best of churches, reasoned out
Into the universal humankind,
Reaching to a progressive angelhood.

Mother is faithful to her clearest light;
Most conscientious in words, actions all—
Kind, helpful, true, her children know her worth.
The neighbors, too, the sick and needy ones,
Know her they've named the "Good Samaritan."
Twelve children she has borne to fill her home,
Which fills her willing hands with services.
Six sons, six daughters, count them even out.
As the course ranges, I am number five,
And came to see them as year sixteen closed
In this stirring nineteenth century.
Investigating doctrines, prophecies,
Watching the sun's changing face for evidence,
Marked me by the warm orb, enstamped a love
Of beams and blooms, earth's charming summer time.

Joseph, the oldest, studious and steady,
Original and thoughtful, as a boy,
Became quite useful ere he was a man.
But some mishap, or ignorance of law,
Brought fell disease we found no skill to cure.
He loved to set my task, laud my dispatch—
I, to serve him in weakness, a pet nurse;
When prostrate, watch beside his weary bed,
And seek some cordial, or a word of cheer.
An angel came to him in vision plain,
Soothed and illumined all his faculties,
Promised to take him soon, and came betimes.

Henry seemed made for mirth, wit, love and song :
Figures and books, to his warm, merry mood,
Were hieroglyphs, puzzles for bookish dolts.
He was of circumstance the pliant child—
A heart than his more gen'rous never beat,
Than his more deeply sorrow's moan bewailed ;
No hand more readily a want relieved.
His prompt munificence so well was known
Designing minds abused his sympathy.
'Gainst selfishness his self-protection failed.
His home was dear, but travel, too, he loved—
When far away exposure oped the gates
Of raging fever that outstripped the news,
And all we found, to prove he'd languished there,
Was the dear flute, a silent mourner left.

Six girls let me pass over now, and come
To four more boys in an unbroken row.

Edwin, large-souled, large-headed and white-haired,
White-skinned, and white all thro', seemed ripe in
youth,
Required no childhood, as to character.
Labor and science his attractions were :
Trusty in all things, great hopes follow him—
A noble boy bespeaks a nobler man,
And richly now he's rounding into prime,
Storing up knowledge of the choicest grade,
And poising principle so far above
This reckless generation that he seems
To it a mystery to shun or fear.
To me a mental friend, companion bright,
He's been since eight years old. Vice hates him now.

Charles, tall and graceful, witty, musical,
Genial and pleasant, easily could learn,
But chose to gain his lessons thro' the ear.
He liked to lie in bed and, listening, get
Knowledge of history and biography
From Edwin's good recital, giving them
The charm of romance, readily retained.
When thirteen years their beauty, strength and growth
Had laid on his bright powers and agile form,
He left our sphere without a warning hour.
A horse, considered harmless, gave the blow,
And 'mid our mirth dropped a dense cloud of woe.

George, moderate and sturdy, just in place,
With round, red cheeks and piercing violet eyes,
Is a mechanic all innately taught;
Yet rises to his height in music's line.
His base voice is the very best—his taste
To vivid strings and swelling keys inclines.
His tireless violin speaks ecstasy—
The organ's strains he readily commands,
Calls bird-notes, psalms, waltz, march or thunder peal.

Nelson, the last boy-pet, seems mostly made
To sweep the viol strings. When he one word
Could speak, he sang on that—played violin
On sticks, and sang the tune, ere arms could hold
The instrument, which now he's master of.
What guerdon manhood on these heads will lay,
Time and the tide of circumstance must tell.

Having thus far, as 'twere, but self to please,
The family outline in due order drawn,

The sister group, a solid sexangle
Should fill its special niche, tho' types may ne'er
Set it on leaves of more enduring cast.

Julia, the first, deserted the earth form,
Before I found one; hence, her can I know
Only as spirit when the fates decree.

Fannie is fair and fine, voluptuous—
Not well, nor sick, has always work in hand;
Does most things well, shuns close, persistent thought.
To sing and dance seem never to exhaust.
Reads character at sight, the rogue had best
Not turn on her his wicked countenance.
Firmly she stands by me, with reverence deep
For just amenities, when in my truth
Usage I violate, and right obey.

Mary's the name they gave me; if it means,
Love the World's welfare, work for Truth's advance,
It has appropriate been, will ever be;
Yet those who deeds misjudge will wrongly read
A motive that writes not self gain.
A vigorous child, my years began in toil—
Two threads, labor and thought, started alike—
Thus far are forward brought together twined.
One pers'nal feature may be worthy note—
None in the family had black hair but I—
'Twas soft and finer than their flaxen crowns;
Gray at fifteen, will soon be blonde as theirs.

Winnie is delicate, particular,
Romantic, scientific thro' fine art—

Paints, copies ; her nice needle makes her robes
Of elegance—exquisite in her love—
Dainty her sense of reputation too ;
And quick her hand to help where want complains.
Weak nerves she's wearing fast away, I fear.

Belle is strong, large, ambitious, beautiful :
Genius at any labor, science, art—
(We all embroider, dance, teach school and sing—)
Much love of splendor and accomplishment
Is her large weakness, probably her doom.
Looking so far to spy the great, the good
May 'scape her eagle gaze ; worth, shun her hand.

Louise, good, fair, and sensitive in mind,
Works at all arts, paints in full fifty styles—
Approval craves, the latest fashion wears ;
Learns as by magic what is popular ;
Sees not the sterile, the soul-starving path
It follows—fears or dreads the friendliness
Great enough to warn of life distortions,
Moral malaria, in pride's dizzy maze.
Experience must perforce her helper be.

* * * * *

Because Experience great truths reveals,
Some argue, no concern for coming times.
Progress needs aid beyond inherent gain—
Good admonition with Example's power,
To action vivifies the lesson seen.
Example is the touch-stone of our faith
In any good, the mighty leverage
By which reforms advance to permanence ;
Yet lack of courage leaves it languishing.

ADOPTION.

If I'm not sovereign of myself, the power
That governs will approve, that one I chose
To brother call, the world deems not a kin.
Other sire than mine, and sisters other
His childhood nurtured, and his service claims.
The vale of mystic shades he has not passed ;
Health's lively hues his countenance adorn,
Which comfort is to know, tho' mine ne'er meet
Their luminous reflections, and respond,
Save by prismatic medium, fancy wrought ;
The intervening latitude forbids.

His province cheered the void left by demise
Of those whom consanguinity had bound
By early kindred ties immutably,
And their fraternal tenderness supplied.
If grim Detraction raised its baleful voice,
Or sly Revenge wove round its wily snare,
'Twas his, by Truth's invincible demand,
To spy the lurker's craft, and draw aside
The flagrant tissue of malignity.
Naught should approach me with a pang he deemed ;
No malice mar the sources of my rest,
Nor blot my reputation's pages white.

Alas, could man to self be such a friend !
His own name's tablets aye as spotless keep,
Conscience as clean, as he a sister's would,
Himself he'd save from ruin, her from grief.

And if he will, he may ; Nature ne'er gave
Impure desires that may not cultured be.
If she in rich, spontaneous power bestowed
Ennobling virtues, lovely properties,
And gave them, previous to vicious aims,
Dependent on their own resisting force—
So is corruption conquerable too.
Man was not made so prone, and meant so base,
As old apologies teach to pretend,
And teach to screen responsibility
Behind a maker of depravity.
'Tis all a farce from which has issued flames
Abnormal, torturing, consuming now
Health, honor, happiness of cheated man ;
And in the general conflagration's sweep
Woman is victimized, and subject made
By chains of rules, with every link a fraud.
Man must learn purity ere either sex
Find happiness or permanence for peace.
The vile, dark bases of our usages,
Like an old horde foul with barbaric strife,
Should sink beneath a scientific rock
On which we may expurgate noxious taints ;
And to hygienic cleanliness customs change.
Humanity, so scarred by practised ills
That should abolished be, might with the law
Of physical renewal, lift this life
To richness : it should be not like a plain
When parching drought has drawn its freshness out.
Hope, the enchanter, ever smiling, waits,
Portraying scenes of pleasure still in store.
These will not be illusive if we work
By knowledge, opportunity to make.

Pure, wholesome habits are the genial showers
And nurturing beams that bring the verdure back,
And dot the borders of replenished rills
With yellow cups, bluebells and od'rous balm.
Only right use of what is in our hands
Is needed to erect our inner heavens,
Responsive to extrinsic rectitude.

Why hold this present, sad monotony,
With glimpse and gaze of faint vacuity ?
I see the misery on each passing form,
E'en half the children have decrepit looks ;
And vagabonds who lean against the pier,
Look up the mist-robed hills in nameless thought,
And feelings of the long debased and wronged,
Poor, erring, frail, weak, destitute and lone !
The fate of these, the homeless and the vile,
Is product of the customs that deprive
The *best* of life's most valuable boons.
When the small knowledge in our grasp to-day
Is wisely utilized—when Ignorance,
Drawn from the sway of sordid Tyranny,
Can learn the science of morality,
Full personal accountability—
Men will themselves befriend the *real* way ;
Brothers become that fail not on an *if* ;
And women thrive in self-security.

ANNIVERSARIES.

May 20, 1850.

Here, midway in the changeful century's march,
Year eighteen hundred fifty—in New York,
Close by her rivers clear and musical,
And near her central lakes, together bound
By silver streams, as opal's necklace hung,
My childhood's happy home and kin remain—
And here amid their kindness ; in the beams
Of May's soft skies, o'er sweetest breeze and sward,
I make my bridal, but no change of name.
Am pleased while in this almost solemn joy
A record to begin, tho' it may prove
Not daily, not e'en monthly ; many cares
May bid me smile if Anniversaries
Look to this day of perfectness, and speak,
Remembering how the cloudless sun and warm
Made birds and brooklets songful as my scul.

ANNIVERSARY I.

May blooms again ; my *chosen* is most dear,
My path of labor smooth and fair has seemed ;
Yet tears have dropped among the petted flowers :
Friends call them “first-year-showers.” Rootlets of joy
Are often thus bedewed ; but 'tis not clear
How compensating germ may hither spring.

Experience knows a trial year supplies
The next with stronger stems and richer fruit;
As autumn tillage fills the husk with corn.
Hopes, doubts, beliefs, I will suspend, and learn
If my philosophy, tear-bathed, grief-earned
Now fails in this new love; or if man fails.

ANNIVERSARY II.

Two years have brought the May-time memories
All vividly; and what I most perceive,
Above the full soul-pulsing of great love,
Among my smiles, is long solicitude,
Raised often to the pitch of wearing pain.
Some mysteries fall into the common line
Of things that should be open as the morn;
Yet, I'll not seek the shade, and lose one chance
Of goodness I may gain, of kindness give.

ANNIVERSARY III.

Three years ago I sat in this good home
Where now I visit parents always true,
And called it bridal day—a record penned,
Brief, simple, but a fate that yearly holds
Me, as if promised to confession's task.
The rills and robins sing, skies glow as then—
I hear with ear engaged, see with my thought;
For mid the topics called and canvassed here,
Sweet Spring-time charms receive divided claims.
That fact may color all things, for there seems
New, unnamed flowings in the air without,
Thro' consciousness within; and when I look
To my last, love-made home, the mists are there.
Prophetic floods pervade the earth to-day.

ANNIVERSARY IV.

The morning breaks and mirth salutes the sun ;
None sorrow that the May-day shouts are o'er—
Beyond its scanty bloom and woodland sweets,
The fields are set with hues like starlets bright,
And freshest green in their rich odor spreads.
While all are busy with the Spring-time cares,
Mid festivals with early buds and shoots,
And rills, grown clear, soft slipping down the slopes,
I will bethink, with baby here alone,
That just four years ago, my bridal day
Was filled with flowers and rippling song like this.
That morn I penned some thoughts, hopes, yea, and
Noted warm gratitude and great resolves. [fears,
Then I expressed much trust in human truth,
A confidence in Friendship's faithfulness,
And joy in goodness showerd impartially.

In retrospecting now by Memory's lamp,
These intervening years, blessings of which
Then loomed in foretaste, rise in bold relief
From the gray groundwork of more common things.
Pleasures as many as are often known
In so few seasons, have been realized ;
Yet have I wrought them out of doubtful states ;
Turned on my path the rays, trailed blossoms in.
The tender poetry of love I've lived—
Its light and music blest my soul, and buoyed
My body thro' all trial, care and toil.
The pen that erst had traced conceptions sweet
Which, welling from their fount some form must take,
Rested the while—it was enough to weave
Affection's golden braids, Mind's silver threads,

Into the even web of each day's dear
And helpful duties—enough now to chant
Improvised verse in soft maternal tones
To the sweet nestling on my welcome breast—
To make my home a scene of soul repose,
And rest in all that gathers harmonies.
Such scene methinks should grace all homes, such rest
Reward their worthy inmates evermore,
That none too soon may tire of life on earth.
A rendered thankfulness I'll here record
For all the cheerly days, the balmy months ;
Tho' when I yearn to add the *duly* filled
And *richly blessing* years, a limit falls
On words, on conscience : they shall not be false,
And must confess misgivings, find abode,
And multiply, where firm security
The wife and mother most deserves and seeks.

ANNIVERSARY V.

The fun'ral rites of one more round are o'er ;
The laughing May is gushing with delight,
And pressing out a red-lipped bud or note
Of joy from every bush, bank, nook and tree.
The merry-making and the social cheer
I'm glad to note, though in my lonely halls
I've meditation and my prattling boy.
O Time ! the fearful bygones of this year ;
The scenes of sorrow suffered in dismay ;
The shadows dark'ning this illumined home,
Seem palls flown in to make gloom permanent.
A dense cloud hovers in hope's sky without—
A blasting gale has seared the verdant path !

Ah, wasting life, and spirit agony !
Are ye so soon my lot, ere two birthdays
Have strengthened this young darling of my love,
And laid their crowns of thought around his brow ?
I've seen bright women perish, thread by thread ;
Their pearls of character drop, tear by tear ;
Their children paupers made, they die forlorn.
Rules popular but partial still decree
Fair chance for self-protection is not woman's ;
Yet boasted gallantry protects but few.
While pond'ring on these selfish cruelties,
My brain has burned with shame for brother man ;
And in the sanctum of my soul I said,
Thus *shall not* be degraded my dear life
The great, collective universe bestowed.
Now, in the twilight damps of such dread night
I shivering stand, and ask my wretched self,
What say you now ? I'll try to find a light !
A murky void surrounds, like foe-laid snares
'Round innocence ; all hidden is the good
That destiny may haply see and bring
From evil so severe. Could the poor heart
So little time ago I deemed so true,
Judged by sheer charity and generous love,
Have been against dishonor fortified ;
The firm abode of manly principle ;
What peace might not our life-reflection taught ?
Sad is love's loss ; worse, trusted honor's wreck ;
Both, woman's common lot, thro' blindness wrought.
The deepest sting, and keenest bitterness,
Is long suspense, no explanation given,
Howe'er truth prompts, or suffering seeks.
When it is meant to slay in sorest form,

Concealers of all times resort to this.
Waving superfluous charity, 'tis seen
Most men care not to know extent and worth
Of woman's love so trustingly bestowed ;
Hence her bereavement little comprehend.
Olden selfishness transmits these traits,
Woman's weak, worshipful devotion too.
Laws, customs, fashions, with their many springs,
Still poisoning bodies, weak'ning minds, must change.
One gem for good of all has been outwrought,
Or breathed by angels into quickened souls—
If woman will assert her human right,
Surcease her service when good faith withdraws,
And gird herself with might to parry shafts
Of slaves and tyrants, she may bonds ignore,
And heal her injured heart in her own care.

ANNIVERSARY VI.

Again May's sunbeams robe the earth in green,
Unroll the buds that hold the dainty dyes—
Robin and blue-bird carol on the roofs ;
The gay-plumed beauties glide among the boughs,
And my dear warbler calls them for his crumbs ;
Then kneeling o'er the myrtle mound's blue stars,
Cries, all enrapt, "They're cousin Alla's eyes."

And what of me ? Last year began afresh
The lost to win. Long, patient, tenderly,
As hitherto I plead—with same result.
The loss to him of progress, me unnerved,
And lower sank the acrid fount of life :
Yet this I knew should not be destiny.

One day my lonely child was comfortless,
 And for his father's presence sorely wept.
 In soothing him a little power I caught,
 And to it clung till to resolve it grew,
 Watching it daily to be sure it lived.
 Then saw I what me bowed in fell despair
 Was not my natal tendency through grief;
That would meet wrong with careful course in right.
 'Twas foul psychology absorbing all,
 Mind, vital force, and special purposes.
 'The village clan that captured him who held
 Erewhile my trust, binding his thraldom firm
 For sordid uses, ends all villainous,
 Helped the wrecked husband, slave to appetites,
 To hold me powerless by united wills.
 But, thought's lax fibres seized, causes apppeared ;
 Sense, intuition freed, traced the dark snare.
 I cherished well returning light, so rich,
 And taught betimes my stolen will ; unwound
 The webs of craft ; released the tortured brain,
 Presumed, no doubt, a prisoner quite secure.
 Since self-help aids and plans, all heavens smile ;
 Friends dare express ; indiff'rence kindly turns.
 But knavish craft, sullen at my relief,
 Is nursing fury for retort-forlorn,
 If rising strength rebellion's status reach.

The daisied lawn invites a restful stroll ;
 Even the moaning gale, in these few months,
 Has dropped the dolor from its vernal tune.
 Once more I'm gaining freedom's many powers,
 Duty and use to honor where need calls.
 No hallowed tie holds where all truth's profaned,

And violated pledges union nulls.
The semblance of dear love ne'er will I live
Before the false, cheating, and cheated world ;
Much less before my conscience-biding soul,
And all earth has of truth not sold nor starved.
No safety shields the young or innocent
When home becomes a treacherous hold for vice.
My child has claims appealing to my rights ;
All wives for true examples pleas should make,
As culturing lessons 'mid false usages,
And saving self begins all-saving work.
Clear sense of purity can never brook
A prostituted place—it injures all.
So every good, for sake of all, demands
The truest deeds within the doer's power.
By treachery divorced, by reason taught,
Alone I take my duty-guided way ;
And all the scandal spite and pride can hurl
Will not divert me from the pure path sought.

ANNIVERSARY VII.—THE LESSON EVOLVED.

May, month of happy change, glides sweetly on ;
Skies, many-hued and mellow, shed their warmth ;
Earth, green-robed, answers in glad bud and breeze,
In sounds of childhood's glee and cheerful toil.
My boy sings with the birds, and culls the bloom
On which his queries active thought foretell.
Calmly my grateful breast reflects all these :
Resigned to all but human turpitude ;
Mind studies how that vice to countervail.
Mankind need not so tardy progress make ;

Efforts with knowledge equal, with firm zeal,
And steady as to avarice 'tis applied,
Would palpably good principles evolve ;
With bright results heredity endow.
Woman, most wronged, beguiled, duped and betrayed,
Should know such facts appeal to her high powers,
And bravely take her own part, justice-gauged—
Customs renounce that common harms produce,
And those that serve best welfare institute.
Why vainly wait and pray for shams to mend,
For fashions to improve ? They're tools of greed,
Change but to deeper crush rich nature's gifts,
And woman's senseless slavery make secure.
What matters it that vanity and ton—
Slaves of corruptions that our blessings steal,
Slight, scorn or scandal ? Blindly they transgress,
Or viciously, and need the aid they mock.
A firmly practiced change all parties need.

Hard husbands looking arrows from red eyes ;
Their weak wives hushed in gay but drear abodes ;
Slaves feigning peace 'neath sickly sentiments ;
With bodies wrecked by hidden maladies,
And fashion wasting strength by bonds as dire ;
Need wives with courage to assert all rights ;
Examples need of woman's self-regard
Through self-protection from schemes false and foul.
Many should such exemplars be at first ;
Be strength for weaker minds till all are strong,
Tho' fiery threats should rock the world awhile.
As Right gains scope more readily will glide
Tyrannic men to peaceful, happy states
Than now their restless minds deem possible.

Quite young I grieved to see what should be homes
Of joyous inmates, cells of vice-wrought woe.
Have felt them now, close watching them to shun ;
And found Truth's keystone has no social arch.
As institutions are, as customs teach—
As parents them obey, their fruits transmit ;
That arch can't rise ; knowledge for change appeals.
A nation's first strong bulwark should be means
Of health-securing, body soundness first :
From that, true principles, high morals grow,
With courage adequate to them sustain ;
Grand laws, right customs and safe ethics rear.
Pure social structures then have goodly base.
By justice these may all be well endowed ;
Equality vouchsafed to every soul,
One standard of bright honor for the whole.

A view of history and the world to-day
Cause wonder that all woman's brilliancy,
And man's astuteness in self-seeking skill,
Have failed to live and learn this plainest fact,
Both gain the most through balanced equity.
As man's great thirst for rule in every age
Precluded woman's kind, co-acting aid,
Again 'tis wondered that her reason found
No way to turn aside polluting streams
Of trebly-linked excess, preying on all,
And him compelled by very need of her
To grant equality, and through it learn
His own and offspring's highest happiness.
These nineteen hundred years that Jesuits date
We have much knowledge of, should have much more
But for the dark, revolting craft that stained

The middle portion which despoiled and burned
Relics and records of the former part,
Its progress stayed, its light of genius quenched.
Since rack and stake their cruel terror ceased,
Laws with ideas have evolved somewhat ;
Free thought, tho' persecuted still, proceeds.
Woman gains scope in letters, industries ;
Allays some ills by over-action's stress :
By better self-protection more might gain,
Even amid the limits wrongs decree.
Scorning opinions vile, usage unsafe ;
Retrieving health by sanitary dress ;
Trusting in character, altho' awhile
On modes peculiar Folly feigns to frown,
Would lift her powers and pleasures far above
Planes popular ; esteem compel from all,
In spite of shams, and acting singly too.
Numbers and concert quickly much perform.

Where clearly universal good directs,
Self counsel take, no compromise accept,
Is wise advice while statutes mock our sex.
Let great fraternal founts of helpful fire
Enfold in their warm depths of kindly flame
The Etna conjugal, absorbed for use.
Mind will direct and mutually inspire,
Yield constant service, multiform and free.
Plan, act, communicate, all fields invite.
Grasp Duty's "magic staff," take Reason's scrip,
And let no powers entice from trusted self,
Nor from Earth's plea for Truth and Liberty.

SEQUEL TO THE TIES.

Erewhile, in pond'ring on my kindred ties,
The pen, to nature true, the heart disclosed.
A deeper thought found where the most I clung,
Most manifest was weakness—then appeared
The fact that sundering ties is oft a fate ;
And if the soul its tendrils keeps firm twined,
It thereby loses strength, and nothing gains—
'Tis morbid tenderness—harms all involved.
To see this clear, was to resort at once
To self-protecting power, which brought rewards
In blessings. I loved not less, but wisely.
The true fraternal, healthy makes all love.
Vassal is woman while she clings like vines :
That type her selfhood mocks, and has alway.
As a firm tree is she her holy self—
As such, she places man on honor square.
This upward step left dreamings, and perceived
The real. Being taught to sacrifice,
Self justice is acquired by careful watch.
With poise and calmness, peace and joy are kin ;
And with self-understanding and good aims,
Life becomes heavenly, tho' cares crowd its way.
Measure and language are inadequate
To robe th' array of clustering ideas
That fain would show the rich pervading bliss
Filling the breast, once swelled as full of sighs.

Kind sympathy for those still tossed amain,
On Sorrow's surges, often memory turns
To its old tidals, but their moans are hushed.
When wan disease has once its tortures plied,
And intense mental action almost ta'en
The form of maladies, we do as much
As see the dismal swirl where some frail forms
Beneath affliction's boiling flood went down.
And, if we floated o'er the waters rough,
Until their searching billows washed away
The dark alloy that in our natures dwelt,
And tamed the spirits crude that reveled there,
Our gratitude should never cool become.
And if the billows waft us on a shore
Clothed in perpetual green, inwove with flowers,
Whose beauty glads us, whose perfume regales,
And every object something good can speak—
Where nature calls us bounties to enjoy
Blessings amid, all lovingly bequeathed,
What cause for gladness are we wanting then ?
Such is the shore which early I have gained,
Therefore with cheerful zeal I'll serve the truth.
In such calm air where Zephyr's music play ;
Where every cloud, tho' haply dark its hue,
Is laden with some largess for my store ;
Complaints are strangers, happy guests are here.

The retrospect meandering o'er the past
Shall not revive the relics of regret,
Nor bend in sadness, nor involve in tears.
Peace is required to turn to use the woes.
Perchance a placid sea might ne'er have borne
My agile bark unto a fruitful land—

Perchance each trial, each bereavement met
On the brief, boisterous voyage, could only serve
To veer my vessel toward a blissful port.
Whether by Providence or peril driven,
It matters not—enough that buoyantly
'Tis stranded here. Calmly I'll rest and work.
The heart that has its night's dim vision passed
Can better prize day's bright realities,
And so enjoy as not to leave a blot
On conscience, or quick Memory's crowded scroll.
Armed for adversity, as such shall not
E'en disappointments be. To vantage turned,
They shall teach wisdom, and acceptance meek
Of high behest—by well contrasted shades
Give to each pleasure richer colorings,
Yet a more temperate zest. I will rejoice,
Only henceforth, as hitherto, preserve,
From shame in all forms, crime in all degrees,
Soul of my Strength, Love of my Guardians high.

Yet at mid-life, my work's but well begun
For better rules, laws, styles and sentiments—
More voy'ges may worse trial-storms apply,
For ignorance vindictive, stolid is—
Prejudice has rancor; avarice has spite;
Pride, caste, vainglory persecution have—
Church zeal enlists all these to Right oppose:
I must needs stand against their deathly sway,
With the soft blades, love, patience, truth and trust.

ISADORE.

Dear Lulu, 'tis evening, the fifth that has come
Since Isadore, darling of towns, was my home.
I've rambled at sunset with thoughts all afloat,
To learn what the city has worthy of note;
And now am impelled Old Pegassus to mount,
And sing, never waiting the numbers to count,
For I yearn to inform you what gems I explore
Where fine, fancy names make us scorn those of yore.

Of dwellings well filled, it precisely has given,
Not counting nice public affairs, twenty-seven.
My dear, I don't tell it intending to boast,
Because your town has but seventeen at the most;
But merely to say, tho' in sight of the woods,
It has much human wealth, and I've heard of its goods:
And, best of all items, but two, and no more,
Take the foul; fiery dram in this pure Isadore.

'Mong fresh rural scenery an artist might stray,
And deem elves and fairies had lured him away;
The flowers are as sweet as e'er shimmered in dew,
The bowers as verdant, the warm skies as blue;
And the clear Tonawanda, in wave-dimpled flow,
Reflects all above and enchant's all below.
Who knows but 'twill bring me the Muses again,
And merge the all-wife in a new fountain pen?

Then, high on its bank, is our paradise home,
So tidy and cosy—that is, when 'tis done ;
By its waters the garden, so rich and well shaped,
So sunny and level—that is, when 'tis scraped,
Has borders of sumachs with feathery leaves,
Where I bathe in the morn, and regale in the eve :
No place beside this has my heart 'neath the sun,
And here shall no harm come between me and one.

Here soon let us see you, but mind, when you come,
Just leave your historic and prose eyes at home ;
Give the fervor of poesy place in your soul,
And let your keen orbs in its magic flame roll :
Never fear the effect of the rapturous fire,
'Tis harmless as moonshine, tho' many worlds higher;
At least, you'll admit it for once, if no more,
When you gaze on this lovely and grand Isadore.

Now, coz, don't suppose me so dull as to call
This jingle of rhyme any poetry at all—
Nay, the winged steed refused in the outset to soar,
And, whinnying, galloped away on all four.
Don't see why he should, for 'tis plain that the theme
Is enough to inspire a stoic to dream :
But I'll leave it, reluctantly tho, 'tis confessed,
With your promise of quickly to come for the rest.

I LEFT THEM ALL FOR THEE.

ONE YEAR A BRIDE.

I left my father, kind, indulgent ever,
Whose counsel was a fortune to possess—
Whose home of plenty was withholden never,
And many kindred ties were there to bless.
I left my mother, whose care to remember
Is to preserve a glass in which to see
Affections all maternal, faithful, tender,
Yet that dear childhood's home I left for thee.

I left my sisters, truly loved and cherished,
And such a circle I may seek in vain
On the round earth, with them no bond has perished ;
While other friendships may wax cold and wane.
They could not take the parting kiss and utter
The long good-bye that then must spoken be,
With tearless eyes ; yet, 'mid my heart's quick flutter,
That home-linked group I smiling left for thee.

I left my brothers, prized beyond expression ;
My Edwin, book companion, household pride ;
If held too dear, this line bears the confession ;
But 'tis not friends who such devotion chide.
A playful pair, too young to know a sister's
Solicitude, comprise the precious three ;
And, while emotions hushed my words to whispers,
In joy I turned, and left them all for thee.

Thro' this first year well valued thou remainest,
More than the treasured ones of earth beside ;
And if thou truly faithfulness retainest,
Reason, I trust, will serve me to confide.

Yet sometimes when a lonely feeling haunteth ;

While vivid memories crowd, and will not flee ;
And old friends to embrace my spirit panteth,
Comes a deep sigh, I left them all for thee.

* * * * *

REVELATIONS,

After twenty years of all the rights attainable amid complex tyrannies
and their usages.

Whence came the sense of loneliness and loss,
The seeming of a vacant spirit shrine,
When early-loved ones moved the mind across,
And faithful souls embraced, still whisp'ring, mine ?
Not from ten little leagues our homes between,
Nor absence of incarnate hands to clasp,
But love o'erdrawn, evolving bane and spleen,
Mere immolation in the marriage grasp.

Long centuries controlling woman's strength,
Dwarfing her character to stated lines ;
Her love for man made life's estate, at length
Main aspiration to that goal inclines.
Inheritance so gen'ral fell on me ;
Bright dreams of romance 'round my high hopes lay ;
When tame Thought sang, I left them all for thee,
I was but his, throwing myself away.

Such course was laid by crude traits rife in man,
Sordid and vile, he wretched made himself—
His greed for power warped e'en his social plan ;
Its vassals made contributors to pelf.
So, cruel caste abides ; the Science age
Honors inventions, letters, art and skill—
But tyrants born of slaves, sad contest wage ;
When social science calls, statutes stand still.

To prove how false are customs, creeds, styles, laws,
Needs but to note the nature of advance ;
While Reason threads thick mazes for true cause,
'Tis forced through dens of squalid woe to glance.
Results past policies have left are plain
In wide disease, demency, vice and crime—
Knaves, cowards, outcasts, thieves, an endless chain,
And great grief's plea for justice here in time.

For revolution in these common wrongs
That rob our rights, deprive our promised days,
Duty makes ethics staid the themes of songs :
O for an age inviting joyous lays !
But ere it comes the mothers of mankind
Must liberated be from every thrall ;
Their vain desires and weakness left behind,
Become dispensers of pure aims to all.

THE SPELL OF THE PAST.

Alone as I sit in the spell of past pleasures
My musings run warbling, as prairie winds free ;
While round me float relics, scrolls, pictures and treasures,
Kept flowing and flashing on memory's sea, [ures,
A sea almost ebbless, and ever must be,
If souls in the spheres maintain identity.

My life path appears with its brambles and roses ;
Its toils that but pause some sweet rapture to sing ;
Its trust that o'er all a fixed archway reposes ;
And hopes that ne'er fade, tho' some glow-works
take wing ;
For heavens ever opening new radiance bring ;
And splendors like rainbows o'er faith's visions fling.

By this path is a chain of bright jewel-linked pages,
Growing plainer as nearer the present they incline ;
Filled not with the lore of old prophets and sages ;
Of progress and friendship each page is a shrine ;
A friendship that's love, a love all divine ;
Attractions fraternal no false garlands twine.

The servants of Sense and of Mammon may marvel ;
But such love 'mid vassals so venal was mine ;
And, 'spite of King Custom so sordid and carnal,
Such his, if professions profaned not a line
Which feelings and sentiments sought to refine
By word-links of kindness it pleased him to sign.

Path and chain tho' meandering, caught views till the present ;
A call or response told when each could ascend ;
Hence is the communion more useful and pleasant ;
More cheering the hopes of a peace-inspired friend,
As our spirit arms round the wide world we extend,
And the truths that elate us to all minds commend.

As records they're rich in revealings and changes—
Show when dawnd the science of life in the spheres :
When myriads fled from the mystical ranges [fear ;
Of church aisles and chancels where sects sway by
And found valued knowledge they well might re-
With tolerance allied, and to liberty dear. [vere,

They tell when old bonds and oppressions were shaken ;
When slaves out of darkness saw Freedom's pure light, [waken
When sleepers in doubts, creeds, and vices could
To welcome great guests from the world without
And anointed anew, and instructed aright, [night ;
Rejoice in the gifts of new hearing and sight.

Our dear old church brethren may deem us fanatics,
All lost to their care, to the gospel astray ;
And call our good angels mere ghosts cutting antics
To lure silly people prone with them to play :
But cherished in sympathies tender are they ;
As erst in warm wishes embraced when we pray.

We left not the members, but broke the environ
Which barred from humanity Fellowship's way ;
The love universal they also rely on
We'll teach ever more in the Spirit's free sway, [day,
Pointing love-lighted lands in the realms of bright
The Spell of the Past on pale Orb's pearly ray.

MEDITATIONS IN A FUNERAL HOUR.

Again they are gathering, this solemn hour,
My kindred, my earthly band—
Together they bow to the perfect Power
That can life's spheres command—
Together they sorrow, and gaze their last
On the form whence a mother's soul has passed.

My spirit now hies to that silent crowd,
 An intent beholder too ; .
 But our family group with *new* forms endowed,
 Receiving our mother true,
 In a joyous welcome to life divine,
 Calls to rites void of sadness, to scenes benign.

And here in my distant dwelling embowered,
 My feelings embrace them all—
 With the mourners linked, by the blest love-showered,
 Gladness glides on the tears that fall :
 Blessings beam rich and full in the hope that more
 Than those lack of solace, these find in store.

To me a dear mother is born anew—
 To her will a child be given,
 When, with vision cleared, she reads all thro'
 This breast that enshrines a heaven :
 The affection it bears her has been, shall be,
 In trust as sublime as in essence free.

* * * * *

Two years ago we met the graves to wreath
 Afresh with May's sweet flowers,
 And lay a cherished father's relic 'neath
 Bird-song enchanted bowers—
 A father kind, a friend, however tried,
 Peace crowned his days, while Justice stood as guide.

Death is advance—to those who know the law
Change is translated Love—
Not in the universe is break or flaw,
Beneath worlds nor above—
Thus taught, our parents filled allotted years,
Assured of higher life in friendly spheres.

Our Edwin, too, has reached the realms of day,
Where souls see eye to eye ;
Doubly my brother was he here alway,
For none him knew as I—
Mind, heart so pure, aims, acts, so high inclined,
Left groveling natures to his goodness blind.

Fast are we following to the science home,
Counting it happy change,
Since seen how weak and wanting here we roam,
How there in wisdom range—
Of flesh discumbered, journey to and fro,
Learning and teaching wheresoe'er we go.

The knowledge bridging the dim valley o'er,
With passage either way,
Is to the mundane state most precious lore ;
Naught shall its progress stay—
To teach it ages argued, worked and willed ;
At last it spreads, its mission must be filled.

MY NEW-FOUND BROTHER.

My new-found brother, need I tell
How dear thou'rt held, how much I prize
The trusting Friendship that can dwell
Where sordid interest never lies?

O! sweeter far than youth's bright dreams
Of bliss too full for time, 'tis said,
Are hours when age may bask in beams
By mingled spirit offerings shed.

What tho' with years fair forms must fade?
Mind flowers and fruits, truth freshness stores;
And rainbow arches, foliage laid,
Unite clear Lethe's loving shores.

Thy faith that angel guides abound;
Thy gifts the prone to raise and cheer;
To teach higher law with powers profound;
Thee to the worthy must endear.

At morn I miss thy well-told thought;
But soon thy presence seemeth known;
At eve thy hands with healing fraught,
Are felt fraternized in mine own.

Friendship's calm joys some value less,
As loves rapt thrills enchant them more ;
But those may often doubly bless,
When these but anxious yearning store.

Still, both are orbs that life illume—
Their roseate rays with each are blent ;
And kindred souls above resume
The converse pure their light here lent.

Such light at length so floods the earth
That halcyon hearts may help each other—
Right soon must reign, rewarding worth,
And boons be thine, my new-found brother.

MY SON ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

This day so warm that robins sing,
 My son, I chant a cheering lay ;
And flying cars the strain shall wing
 O'er States and speed its rapid way ;
For Love in every line doth ring,
 And prayer in every note doth play.

May true friends thee so kindly greet,
 My boy, afar from kin and home,
That, like to-day's wild warblers sweet,
 Thy happy mind may cease to roam,
And, seeking Wisdom's bright retreat,
 Be blest till to my arms thou'l come.

Youth's lessons hard thou'l easy learn,
 My darling, if the wrong thou'l shun ;
Right will away temptation turn,
 And tell life's fortunes well begun :
Truth's Peace-fires for thee ever burn,
 My precious child, my only one.

TIME'S TEACHINGS.

The view seems clear, the present glance ;
I've noted dangers, balanced chance,
The outs and ins of circumstance—
Seen errors turn to arrows keen
When mental progress made them seen—
And over heads that knew their sin,
Yet hugged it selfish spoils to win,
By weakest web a sword impend
And on their heinous hopes descend—
Seen truths which blessings were, disguised,
By knowledge change to treasures prized :—
Seen that by highest light who lives
A guiding power receives and gives,
Draws truth from doubt, that passing night
And self accounts set square and right.
Lo, singing in my soul, I go;
By the plain past the future know—
Give every gathered truth my trust,
That its abuse leave no vile rust,
And every garnered dime a task
Where sin runs naked or in mask.
In doing reap enough reward,
Asking no more of man or lord.

And if the universe restores
On these mixed fields, or fairer shores,
A recompense for faithful deeds,
As sheaves from few well-scattered seeds,
The spirit, free from want and pain,
Will richer grow to give again.

ARE THEY DISCREPANCIES?

“Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove’s neck from changing ?
No, nor fettered love from dying
In the knot there’s no untying.”—CAMPBELL.

Poet, the minds thy words dismayed
Saw not the whole idea conveyed.
Didst thou see love so strong a tie
That others were as mockery ?—

That public vows irrevocable
Proved fetters that could love disable—
But love itself as self sustaining
Long as good use blest its remaining ?—

That only truth pays for receiving ;
And sins that earn a disbelieving
Tell there is treachery and pretending—
Fetters must gall, or knots be rending ?

Thy lofty lyre erst moved the heart
With wonder at thy minstrel art;
'Twere pity that one note should chill
The homage it would pay thee still.

Great poets' lives should never prove
Them wayward, even in their love;
Less than best men, more but by turns—
As oft seemed Byron, sometimes Burns.

Long tyranny has wrenched the soul
Thro' ignorance of Love's control.
Each age and race failed to perceive
A law to guide it or relieve.

But late unfoldment giving scope
To thought and search that vistas ope,
Where Science reads the tortured nerves,
And tells what human life deserves,

Shows thy frank muse not weak and wild;
And no false words her fame defiled.
She could not thus descend and stain
The glory of her early strain.

Thy Gertrude's faithful spouse still shines—
Theodric, Constance, crown their lines—
O'Conner's Child stands ineffaced—
No pictured virtues are erased.

Reason brings Love a dawning light,
Shows it but gropes in stealth and night ;
And we may learn its needs and duties,
If not the ring-dove's changing beauties.

When love shall feel its beaming day ;
Thrust Tyranny's dark schemes away ;
'Twill act more truly, live far longer ;
Ties without tension growing stronger.

CONCLUSION.

Can love we less the wild bird's song
For having loved it well and long ?
Hath on the heart the faintest trace
Scenes having longest there a place ?

Value we less friends kind and good
For having long as guardians stood ?
Or prize we less the angels' heaven
For having ever blessings given ?

Does Amazon less rapid flow
For having rolled ages ago ?
Or Erie's waves less life present
For finding in Niagara vent ?

Then may Love's tide ebb from its course,
And freeze upon its living source,
For having found a channel true
To pour its welling volumes through.

SPIRITUALISM—ELICITED BY CRITICISM.

'Tis more than rich, 'tis doubly dear, to turn
From merely cool and staid philosophies
To things the soul evolved can but discern
When through the spirit dome of sense it sees.

These truths shed gladness on each moment's toils,
And make our breathings a perpetual hymn ;
To art and science add their sweetest smiles,
And lend them lustres that no fates can dim.

If only 'round us we are prone to look,
And lift no piercing, asking gaze above,
We but behold the caskets soon forsook,
And miss the interfusing light of love.

'Tis not enough that human hearts and heads
Have side-lights to admit the lower spheres ;
A dome and sky-glass free from doubt's thick webs
Draws radiance that dispels earth's futile fears.

A glance at Swedenborg reveals the tower
Thro' which high forms and voices ingress found ;
His works display the supermundane power
His earthly lore with loftier science crowned.

But our bright souls must needs look up, I ween,
And catch some rays akin to those he caught,
To make his high illumination seen,
And bask in ecstasies not born of thought.

Th' expansive brain of Comte took ample view
Of things material, causes traced therein,
But lacked the loft-light balance ; hence he drew
Not from the laws where high-grade schools begin.

Perchance surcharged his cerebrum became ;
Its massive lateral lobes, extreme, acute,
Were biased ; hence an overarched counter-flame
Must some deductions alter, some refute.

We who, 'mid weal and woe, have known the joy
The visitants from other spheres impart,
Cannot be mocked nor menaced from th' employ
Of powers that bring great blessings to the heart.

When soothing spirits to our souls declare
Sweet truths of which we long have felt the flow,
Shall half-learned science bid research beware,
Lest rules are null conceit assumes to know ?

Nay, friends, we'll list the faintest heaven-sent voice,
And to gain clearer ken give earnest trial ;
And when plain language is by far our choice,
We'll turn to trance or marvels of the "dial."

What tho' there be who in its circling sweep
See but a rocking stand, a reason crazed,
We will not let our finest functions sleep,
Nor at their wondrous scope become amazed.

If some are pledged to the inglorious task
Of pinning mind to common proof's old planes,
Their life-work is laid out—we'd for them ask
A labor likelier to reward their pains.

Yet, not less will we love them—they're our own
By many dear, indissoluble ties ;
If this thro' carnal forms be feebly shown,
We'll full unveil it when from them we rise.

GIVE ME BUT TRUTH.

Truth—let the false world frown, or what it will ;
Let friends who fawned in other times forsake ;
And kindred e'en, forgetful to fulfil
The duties which their natal unions make,
Turn cold away in silence, or betake
To censure which no mingling has of ruth ;
And, if it must be so, affection shake
The choicest treasure lent to age or youth ; [truth.
But alway grant this meed, my own heart's perfect

With this I'll float upon the waves of time,
And feel my lone existence yet has charms ;
Altho' dread falsehood, ignorance and crime
The dear ones sever from my eager arms
Whom I'd have shielded with my life from harms.
Tho' throngs around me in false modes unite,
And blind to fate, have but for me alarms ;
To learn and live the truth be my delight,
Tho' every vile voice hiss, and every vain hand smite.

And if my words shall fall as a form in sand,
 And my love flow as winds that ne'er return ;
If no congenial renderings reach my hand,
 No faithful heart respond when mine shall yearn ;
Still, sordid policy and place I'll spurn,
And social wrong, and world-defiled renown :
 Serenely then life's less'ning lamp may burn—
Calmly I'll lay a well-used body down,
And know I wear from earth Truth's everlasting crown.

The multitude a little longer yet
 Must grope in twilight, faltering and unblest—
Pursue the pageants, fashion, pride, and get
 Their certain thorn-wreaths knit into the breast ;
But, sure as love is sweet, and heaven is rest,
The time must come when their fell ways shall cease ;
 When Folly's struggling votaries oppressed
With meet confusion shall in shame release [peace.
Their scorn of honest lives, and plead for truth and

Oh, what a paradise will earth become
 When all her children good alone pursue !
All vagrants will find virtue, health and home—
 All homes contentment, thrift and pleasures true—
All tyranny and rule their levels due ;
Slaveries shall end, rest spirits be made whole,
 Pervading kindness rush all bosoms thro' ;
Bliss, Love's full edict, o'er the nations roll,
And Truth's all-glorious sway enrapture every soul.

THE POET'S FATE.

'Tis often said the Poet's lot is cast
Where cloud and storm obscure his radiant sky ;
Where tempests scath him, wildly rushing past,
And cold waves lash him as the surge sweeps by—
Where thorn and bramble, ever springing nigh,
Beset the path he vainly strives to trace—
Where fortune's fleeting gold his coffers fly,
While friends and flatterers with it flight keep pace ;
And poverty and loneliness stare him in the face.

But, wherefore teach that Nature's rudest forms
Around him rise, while dirge winds wail and toll—
That want's weird sprites lead on the haunting swarms ;
And false ones steal of social joys the whole,
Wringing the poesy form his suffering soul ?
Methinks 'tis other elements that call
The charmed stream forth, harmonious to roll ;
And ere it flow the light of pleasures all
Bright, beauteous, gladsome, sweet, on the warm fount
must fall.

Tho' clouds anon o'erspread the welkin blue,
'Tis not alone their black folds meet his gaze ;
Their silver linings, lovelier in their hue,
As they approach the sun's receding rays,
Arrest his eye, and while their fringes blaze,
Naught recks he of the darker dyes they wear ;
And when the last faint line of amber strays,
And echoing thunders ride the rayless air,
He at their concord sings, order is music there.

Tho' raging waters toss him to and fro,
A glad gleam on the billow's crest he spies ;
He knows that o'er him orbs of love still glow ;
And that beneath fair coral cities rise :
His inner light all outward lack supplies ;
In dread adversity beholds a providence ;
And if vicissitudes avert some prize,
The pharos, hope, displays a recompense—
E'en on the deep his lyre is 'gainst alarm defence.

Altho' his way, like all men's ways, must wind
Where may not bloom perpetual, balmy spring ;
Tho' frost may nip the fragrant flowers entwined
Round roseate arbors where he loves to sing ;
He may avail him of the Muse's wing,
And soar to climes where autumn is unknown ;
Or, wiser still, admire each fading thing,
And bud minute in lavish bounty strown [wide throne.
On Nature's blooming breast, the bard's own world-

If wealth escape, like phantoms which we clasp,
 Dearer becomes the treasure in his heart ;
 If fawners fly from the warm willing grasp
 That gives but good, he's blest when they depart :
 The true remain whose kindly sympathies start
 Afresh the flow of blissful gratitude—
 New light descends upon his darling art
 Which proves the power his spirit erst imbued,
 And shows in others facts for which he vainly sued.

Call not him poor who feels no power can take
 The great creation from his eye, his thought—
 When force nor sophistry his faith can shake,
 Nor his reliance change or lessen aught—
 Call him not lone who by each leaf is taught
 That tastes the dew or trembles in the light—
 Who sees star-worlds with friendly lustre fraught,
 And turns to day the wonder-telling night :
 'Mid scenes enchanting fair he walks with beings bright.

Some have been false to selves, to earth's best heaven ;
 And thus of pain a triple weight endured ;
 Hence have their harps the saddest numbers given,
 Sounding wild woes to which they were inured.
 But many more have happy lives insured ;
 And sweetly glad were the warm strains they drew ;
 Congenial goodness peace and trust procured ;
 Pure love, well limited, returned its due— [were true.
 Themselves, all heavens were kind, for they to them

TRUTH THE PRICE OF HEALTH.

None can live well till more are true
To knowledge drawn from Nature's laws—
Till women drape their forms in view
Of sure effects from every cause.

Till robes, like human figures, leave
Their vitals free to swell and beat;
And no impeding draperies cleave
To organs struggling to be fleet.

Limbs should be light as skipping birds,
That hearts, like theirs, may sweetly sing;
And gladness, thro' their common words,
From all life's labors blessings bring.

Health is the pearl of power that holds
The chain of joys defined soul-wealth;
And dress, true to the form it folds,
Becomes the facile source of health.

Fashion's the avarice fiend's behest—
Loss and disease its trammels send—
Action and ease true styles suggest,
And Use is Nature's guiding friend.

WOMANHOOD IGNORED.—MILD SATIRE.

Vile fashions make women wan vassals of pain,
Weak men to entice, and yield misers much gain ;
Fool-locks on their brows, and jute braids on their
napes,
Match their hats pinned to pads in fantastic shapes.

Death-cages 'round ribs to suppress ruddy life,
Reverse Reason's aim in the fell strain and strife ;
Long skirts graceful motions and lithe labors balk ;
The farce mocks design—all leg-language is *walk*.

Lest clinging grips fail to make crippling complete
Queer shoes are stretched over their close-crimpled feet ;
Shoe-heels 'neath the insteps, foot-heels over toes,
Joints, spines, hearts displacing, thus dupes sport their
woes.

The world should be vocal with Health's joyous might,
And wealth-diffused gifts break its drear social night.
Now Science concedes evil styles miseries cause,
And those living rightly teach true modes and laws.

But slowly moves Knowledge to practical deeds,
While tyrants rear cowards 'neath codes, customs,
The flat'ring word *popular* cheating the vain, [creeds :
Proves forceful as guileful to spread want and pain ;
Weak subjects yield all good, and countless ills gain.

MOTHER'S CALL.

I'm waiting and watching at morn, noon and even,
For thee, darling son, ever nearest my heart :
Thy coming hope's angels have promise of given,
Tho' mountains and deserts and oceans us part.

With spirit elate I oft glide to the door,
Bell-summoned, some human immortal to meet ;
Perchance 'tis *my* traveler, love sings evermore,
And sighs in glad welcomes that other friends greet.

Thy absence becomes the one source of unrest;
For somehow a myst'ry, that mocker of mind,
Has followed events, as in romance unblest
By a clue to its close that a genius may find.

When alone I exclaim, as if distance were naught,
My dearest, how long shall void air-lines remain ?
Weird words of fell fate, if they wafted thy thought,
Would voice soul response in this silence inane.

Scrip signs with their wealth of remembrance from thee,
Tho' they cheer with few smiles and elicit more fears,
Can treasure and token be, sacred to me,
And chase the cold cloud from the sky of my years.

Come now, please, or indicate wherefore and when—
Thou'rt Ray of my life in more senses than one ;
Let presence assure of needs, wishes, and then
Sweet justice can solace our loves, precious son.

FROLIC IN RHYME.

Ah! Sister Fannie, had you been
Cute as some ancient, homespun queen,
Dancing baretoed on starlit green,
You'd not have feared I'd wilt or die,
If one good "hobby," treated shy,
Should slip its saddle and run by.
You need an elf's witchhazel pry
To hurl the motewood from your eye,
And show you full a dozen hobs,
Career equipped, reins, spurs and knobs;
Each whinnying to this busy brain
For mind to move, as steam the train,
And vassals free from mount to main.
And every one's a glorious steed,
The pink of noble blood indeed;
With ardor's strength in veins aflow,
And zeal in eager eyes aglow,
To pour its truth, and flash the light
Of joyous rest through torture's night.

Old error festering everywhere—
Frauds, falsehoods, crimes, masked, robed and bare,
Call through the moaning million's wants,
Through curs'd oppression that them taunts,
And snobbish pride that folly vaunts—
For these staunch hobbies daring speed
That scorns the rabble gibes to heed—
Alike the offered famous meed,
But stamps all sin as bramble weed.

Great goodness will befriend perchance,
And give them all a healthful prance
In free-used air, on fairy feet,
Their snowy banners flying fleet,
Emblems of tolerance, peaceful, sweet,
Dark plots and foul acts to defeat.
Wails, threats, cry loud for dauntless breast
To quell the wrongs that earth infest,
Robbing dear hearts like yours of rest,
Making their throes sheer mock and jest.

A reasoner never does presume
One hobby will the world illume—
Systems more organs have than one;
Engines more wheels ere works are run;
Brains more ideas ere shams they shun.
A mending scope must spacious be—
Reforms wrought universally,
Or, in the parlance, made so free,
A hundred hobbies press their plea.
I've reined already near a score—
Cantered a few o'er field and floor,
And will, belike, as many more.
But can to ton no victim be,
Nor martyr bowed to the decree
Of vile god-Grundy, though their wake
O'erflow work done for freedom's sake.

Now, dearest Fan, you should have guessed
I'd dare for truth my extra best,
And fail not 'cause some can't be blest.
Your loving May, not half expressed.

REFLECTIONS.

The toil-filled tours that ceasless run,
Told by quick circuits round the sun,
Have stretched my years to sixty-one,

Prophetic count to ninety grew—
This third, if lived here, ought to view
Its labors crowned with progress true.

Humanity should shams forsake—
The justice sense in all awake ;
And caste from every compact break.

Then equal laws with science cool
Could end vile wrongs in reason's school,
And Love in peaceful order rule.

Dread tyranny, dire selfishness,
Thro' avarice, pride, and passion's stress,
Wrap earth in evil's dark excess.

They make reform of customs all,
Codes, ethics, creeds, trades, habits small,
The gen'ral need, the humane call.

And goodness, deprecating strife,
Pain, want, and cruelties so rife,
For their surcease spends time and life.

PROGRESS.

We're climbing grades of life and law ;
And human loads are growing lighter—
Her thraldom woman dares to hate,
And smite with facts the wrongs that blight her ;
Purge craft from codes with logic clear,
And make man's moral sense glow brighter.

Greed given the rein mocks every good—
Takes woman's trust wherewith to slight her ;
For power and place best motives twist,
To make her highest aims indict her.
The knowledge of these frauds, at last,
To true proceedings must unite her.

Dishonor brands him who dissents—
Who will not due assistance plight her.
While fell disease, excess and vice,
To purest, noblest deeds invite her,
Rest worth for equal chance appeals ;
A gift she has not to delight her.

Robbed age and youth, through want and moan
From weighty griefs, to soothe incite her ;
And dungeoned-victims doomed from birth,
With mother memories seething, spite her.
Sweet Hope ! how Love will Progress speed,
When Justice-softened rulings Right her.

REALIZATION.

Hope, wand of the soul, cheers the way
Of childhood, of youth, and of age—
E'en stoics, compiling the day,
Award it the noon's glowing page.

Vistas promise fair regions before
Solution folds back the first door.

Aspiring to raise the world up
To heights of the loving and true,
O'erfills with rich nectar Life's cup,
And fruits from high spheres holds to view :
The helpful reap present delights,
While future work, waiting, invites.

The realms of pure spirits are near,
And linked with true teachers of this,
Dispel superstition's last fear,
And warm into bloom the heart's bliss.
We welcome with thanks each bright band,
Bearing science and songs to this land.

Their sun is the smiles of the good,
With healing and solace replete ;
Their moon, the ineffable mood
Diffused when the holy ghosts meet ;
Their stars, faithful watchers, the eyes
Of saviors in all times, the wise.

The love and the might flowing free,
Giving law, making progress alway,
Are evolving, controlling, and we
Will be ruling soon as we obey.

O angels, who meditate well,
Truth's sin-cure in floods on us swell !

The presence, the message revealed
Proves more than the sordid discern ;
Much lore from proud mortals concealed,
The humble and noble can learn.
Sage students see allies in mind—
Poor is thought to its own factors blind.

Th' profound search the high and can show
Dome windows above doubt's dim glass ;
Their light moulds the passions below,
While reason directs, and aids pass.
Seeking knowledge by rays and by gleams,
Finds fields of facts lit by full beams.

Expectance is reality here—
Crude faculties blend with sublime ;
A higher-arched galaxy clear
Gilds the world-gemmed concave of time :
And all souls at length live and bask
In the realizations they ask.

ADVERSITY RENOUNCED.

When fortune's vain allurements fade away,
And friends endeared by many ties forsake—
When the desires that nurse sweet hope decay,
And tears of sore regret strong ardor slake—
When wrongs successive honest spirits shake,
And low ambition heaves its dying sigh, [awake,
Then loves world-wide and thoughts heaven-high
Nor longer latent in the bosom lie, [nearer by.
But change bright dross, far sought, for diamonds

When follies have their bitter products reared,
And baubles youth admired, pursued, and caught,
Have 'neath a thorny hedge-work disappeared,
And left the heart, by hope deserted, naught ;
Then turns the loathing soul from lurements
sought,
Content and blest the phantom chase to cease—
Then grasps the joys with fadeless wisdom fraught,
And daily sees the richer bliss increase— [peace.
In gladness hails dear life, and waits higher life in

EFFUSIONS.

ON RECEIVING THE MEMOIR AND LIKENESS OF SARAH C.
EDGARTON MAYO.

At last, at last, I view the dear one's face—
Not hers, but art's dim semblance of the same :
On its charmed lineaments I've yearned to trace
The wakening glow that in her pure verse came.

But it was ne'er my pleasure to behold
The rapt expression of her soul-filled eyes—
In ready arms her constant breast to fold ;
Yet memory verily's a valued prize.

And haply it may ne'er be mine to kiss
The precious "love-flower" she has left to earth ;
Favored are they who realize the bliss,
In view of all its minstrel mother's worth.

Her angel spirit now perceives how long
I've loved the artless lore her lines display ;
Now hears the answering eloquence of song,
My full soul feels, my weak words can't convey.

And will she deign from her empyrean home
To note a worshiper unknown as I—
In soul all free, with ministries to roam
Far as her Muse-made followers 'neath the sky ?

Yes, while her picture holds my tearful gaze,
And the imbosomed book I fondly press,
A seraph cites the deep-stirred mind to raise,
And greet a patron still impowered to bless.

Admonish not this humble strain and weak,
Ye who enjoyed her richest converse here—
Who yet in gifted phrase her goodness speak,
And own her still-pervading presence dear.

Blent love and thought emotion's currents pour ;
She was my favorite while she sang below ;
And is, albeit vain so high to soar,
The ideal saint to whom my feelings flow.

USE OF DREAMS.

Bright Dream, thy illusions are welcome altho'
Thy raptures exquisite with waking depart; [flow
Tho' thy forms are but phantoms, thy friends but the
Of fancy's full multitudes peopling the heart.

Sweet Vision of beauty, so potent to bring
Each bosom delight from the mist-mantled past,
Thy fairy-filled pleasures inspire us to sing
Ere away from the spirit thy veilings are cast.

Soft Trance of the senses, since more than is ta'en
Is bestowed in the bliss of the banqueting mind;
Give thy care-soothing scenery, for not all in vain
Are the weary within thy enchantment enshrined.

Free Flight of the spirit, conduct us away
To the love-lit retreats on some sanctified shore,
Where the soul may its joyful communings repay
Amid landscapes or skyscapes where th' risen adore.

Green Garden Ideal, thy fruitage and bloom
Bring cheering refreshment that never can cloy;
In thy star-lighted nooks lurks no shadowy gloom;
And thy violet walks hide no moss-strown decoy.

Sure Proof of a soul that is deathless and sleepless,
Light the pathway unknown that desire shall direct :
Go to Palestine such as she was when the peerless
Apollonias labored in scorn and neglect.

To Greece as she was when her famed groves and
valleys,
With eloquence charmed, told progression's glad
story ;
When high hopes of freedom fired rulers and allies ;
And scholars and bards wreathed their brows with
her glory :

To Britain as she shall be when her last despot
Shall humbly have learned of old ancestors long ;
Oppression and want having fled in just exploit,
Leaving Liberty's boast for the toiler's sweet song.

Still other scenes are there, Sleep Watching Magician,
To view in the hush of some midnight's repose ;
There's Petrarch's retirement and Tasso's lorn prison,
Where Laura and Leonor hallowed their woes.

Many scenes 'mong the Alps would enrich the beholder ;
Many where the Rhine chanting or murmuring
glides— [her ;
Where art-beaming Rome reels 'mid feuds that enfold
And Egypt, the *old*, at your leisure, fair Guides.

Jerusalem once I supposed worth a vision ;

But relics, fraud-marked, are the wealth of the site :
Blind Christians, thro' mockery, deserve the derision
They cast on the Moslem intent on his rite.

Pause not where brave zeal to spread science proved
greater [teach ;

Than fear when church fiends could by racks silence
Without dreams we find that three centuries later
Truth has to contend for the freedom of speech.

Dream, Vision, Trance, Angel, or Travel Electric,
Whatever thy names, themes, directions or times ;
All seasons, all climes own thy influence magnetic ;
Our bliss takes thy colorings, our music thy chimes.

Are any so blest as to seek not thy guerdon—
So weak as with bodings thy objects to bind ?
Those only are free from night's dreariest burden—
These follow a shadow and catch at the wind.

BURIAL AND CREMATION.

The body whence a soul has fled,
Human no more, to man is dead ;
Is poisonous gas, infected clay,
And quickly, safely, must away.

But burial grounds are insecure—
Have water action, fumes impure,
To find the pools, to issue thence,
Unseen, unchecked ; there's no defence.

Cremation leaves no hidden blight,
No stream defiled, no gloomy sight—
But with the earthly, duty clears,
And wins applause from spirit spheres.

The process is more truly kind ;
It mold resolves to dust refined—
Few moments' sure, transmuting fire
Leaves naught to mar, much to admire.

Memorials better are preserved
In scrip or print, urn if preferred ;
Should teach, no human being dies ;
When flesh seeks change, freed spirits rise.

ROMANCE.

It needs not fancy-flights to paint
Life's fates in colors strange or quaint;
All fiction pales beside the view
Of simple truth's unheightened hue.

If romance ever finds a place
The mystic maze to deftly trace,
Where seemingly it serves good use,
Results are regnant with abuse;

For only as it steals the glow
Of Nature's real fire and flow,
It pleasure gives, and then its harm
Is felt ere time dispels the charm.

The world has proved true greatness goes,
When usage too fastidious grows.
Ornate excess is monstrous art—
Minds it invades with soundness part.

Oppression thrives when customs, schools,
Sects, commerce, clans, styles, fancies, rules,
Make falseness fair and worthful seem—
Justice must rise and Truth redeem.

TO A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

Speed, speed on thy mission, mild herald of gladness ;
The tidings of mercy and justice proclaim ;
Shed light, love and peace on the children of sadness,
And kindle in darkness free thought's living flame.

Go scatter the gloom superstition entaileth
On vassals who fain would in freedom rejoice ;
Where rancor and proud persecution prevaileth
Lift boldly, yet kindly, a powerful voice.

Go travel where ignoranee deeply hath shrouded
That mightiest marvel of nature, the mind ;
Illumine lone spirits long crushed and beclouded ;
Be strength to the falt'ring and sight to the blind.

Descend the dim vale, climb the cliff-traversed mountain,
Wherever a sorrowing soul may abide ;
And point the deceived and debased to the fountain
Of truth, where redemption to deeds is allied.

Search out every nook that hath aught to make tearful,
And soothe by the hope of a peace-hallowed day,
When naught shall remain to molest or make fearful ;
Haste, haste on thy mission ; speed, speed on thy way.

PROVERBS.

Science supplies the cabalistic keys
That ope earth's hidden doors ;
Ignorance dies with doubts and mysteries,
When light gilds nature's stores.
Investigation of high topics wins
Lasting and large rewards ;
And aspiration to surmount all sins
With growth and grace accords.

Dim superstition leaves the haunted mind
When truth's rich lore is taught ;
Thro' justice, heaven in hearts hallows mankind,
When works abound, love fraught.
True living is the turning of vile goals
To virtue's flower-strewn ways ;
Where customs pure redeem bodies and souls,
Wisdom's firm sceptre sways.

When knowledge of the truth shall woman draw
To scientific life,
Man will obey and love the higher law,
And peace supplant their strife.
Their children, born of health and gracious cheer,
To all the virtues tend—
Whence strong adults will all that's just revere.
And beauty's treasures blend.

What hast thou, sister, worthy this bright sphere,
 While follies mock thy toils?
 What seest thou, brother, to thy best aims dear
 'Mid sense and sordid spoils?
 Unite thy labors, thy grand motives wed,
 The world's weak ones to bless,
 And goodness will provide, by reason led,
 Life's long-sought happiness.

RESPONSE.

"Is love relief to the sad and lone?"—LETTER.

There is a hand may lead thee 'mid dear flowers,
 A voice may call bright visions 'round thy head,
 A heart may build for thine sweet sunny bowers,
 And on their fruits the dews of healing shed.

But there are others with the siren's power
 Whose torch-lit charms the sorest ills diffuse;
 Blind love alone full oft mistakes its dower,
 Because it hastens and will reckless choose.

Reason is every function's friendly guide;
 Her counsel seek—love's cheating dreams and goals
 More need direction in their flowing tide
 Than all the passions painting fancy scrolls.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

DELIVERED AT A NEW YEAR CELEBRATION IN 1872.

The eras of time may be shorter or longer,
Depending on progress, in school and in state ;
The age now retiring brings one truer, stronger,
And richer and freer for coming so late ; [ster
But years, even length'ed, sweep along like wild song-
Astir in mid-winter to seek a new mate. [loiter,
A new year comes whispering, slaves, tyrants, who
Flee away with the old year, I'm a mender of fate ;
And th' people of the period never will falter,
Till they ope council doors, and swing wide each
barred gate.
But too pressing life's labors, these times, on this altar,
To be borrowed for rhyming, these measures can't
wait.

The hand ne'er tires that tells the fleeting hours ;
Swift fingers turn the nicked and blotted leaves
In the huge calendar of mortal acts ;
The fountain pen ne'er fails that scrawls the lines ;
And each of us, in motive and in deed,
Is furnishing the copy for our niche
Upon the mystic scroll of centuries.
We're sure to read it all again, somewhere ;
To our own story drawn, true to the life,
Good, mixed, or stranger than romancer's tale.

If one has aided censured innocence,
Or stayed oppression in its cruel course,
A gilding ray will linger where 'tis writ.

At setting sun I watched the last year's fall
Into oblivion's unyielding arms.
Reluctantly the silver light withdrew
From the hushed, hazy air which gathered low
Around the sphere its pall of tinted folds,
To shut th' expiring patriarch from the shouts
With which a sportive world all eager stood
To welcome the ice-cradled infant year.

The midnight passed—adieu thou traveled link
In the interminable chain, eternity.
I've traced the motley round with buoyant feet,
Inhaled its balmy breath from field and grove
With thoughtful joy, pressed its inviting bloom
To thankful lips, felt its soft music stir
Responsive chords in the heart's thrilling depths.
I've walked its broken paths and cold ascents
With spirit firm to ward the stubborn might
Of circumstance, or rather, so have deemed ;
For how know I but coming time will tell
That confidence has still again mista'en
A Upas for an Olive? Fair effects
Of scenes that blandly passed and harmless seemed
May be pernicious yet. Friendships secured,
And fostered with no sentiment withheld,
May prove not such to those my hands have clasped ;
And they may throw false garbs and hues around
The motives held humane and innocent,
And teach the vile to taunt me with my trust.
Yet all perverseness can't annul this faith
In human growth, goodness and grace innate.

Hence, shall not dwell this retrospection on
The shadowed side of yet unfinished things.
Wherefore should any grieve these plenteous years ?
Because so many souls must famish still,
When uses high demand bright energies.
Sadness enfeebles, and aspiring minds
Betimes must banish melancholy moods,
Prophetic tho' they prove. Health cheers, inspires.
So, aiming at the best, I welcome mirth,
And join my gleeful wish for happiness
To that the nations echo in their feasts
On this, the blessed morning of a year.

Among the powers that mention claim to-day,
For once let's honor the sustaining Sun.
His constant heart holds Earth all safe, and gives
Delight to millions nurtured on her breast.
All her coquettish airs avail for good
In his directing and well-timing power :
Her fickle inclinations he converts
To rounded seasons, balancing all needs.
Like the good father with a precious flock
Of orphans motherless, he takes command,
Disdaining not to dabble in the cares
Of mother's sphere, but orders all the house
To a minutiae. Daughter Earth, you see,
Duty ne'er shuns; her shining you see not.
Venus, tho' his pet, keeps pace both morn and eve,
And sparkles out her pride to be so near.
The larger sons far off field-work perform—
Bright Jupiter, and Saturn doubly zoned,
Obey their rules, and scarcely nearer come
To greet their sisters once a century ;
And all is harmony around the Sun.

What marvel that when Earth was young and fond,
Her races worshiped him as god of all ?
Despite her age and dignity assumed,
A little rev'rence festal days is due,
When all days, all years round, so lovingly
He gazes from his blazing amber throne,
Salutes the dwellers on the fertile orbs
He lights and warms with fructifying power,
Bidding them bless with stores all they bring forth.
Let us the pygmies 'mong the planet's trees,
His condescending gallantry return
Once in four hundred days, and boasters chide
Who, merely out of grass, have climbed a weed,
Because they have not moral spine to stand,
Yet think they're up—let them see us avow
Just what we are, what feel, guess and believe.
May all take note of dazzling gems bestrown
On crystal robe, or broidered mantle green
With which he wrapt his charge so tenderly.
And wherefore note them, glowing but in him ?
To see all goodness loves to ornament,
And in a way that never burdens aught,
But lights and lifts with innate energies ;
The outer transports its reflection true,
Revealing it by beauty natural.
A standing monitor this truth should be
To weaklings striving to adorn their heels
With cumbrous screens, protuberance nondescript.
Again, a simile slides justly in—
High angels' ken and care are like the sun,
Weak mortals, like the snowflake, chill and pale,
Or dank bloom mouldering in miasmal shades,
When they reflect not the pure light and love

Forever on them showered, like permeant rays,
But brighter than the finest Orient pearl,
Or diamond flashing in the noonday beams,
When they evolve the gleam of gratitude,
Or shed a halo of beneficence.

Unswervingly developed natures toil
For great results, in conscious purity,
Scorning the fear of craven Scandal's breath,
Which, brief as base, blows but a fortnight's fog,
Then settles back on the cold, swampy source,
A mildewed waste, a millstone weight, as well.
Where the rich noon-blaze of philanthropy
Lifts high and scatters wide love's mellow rays,
Not fear, but pity mild and patience long,
Flows in good-will by kindly service told.
Slowly indeed, thro' strife and anguish dire,
Has come the view that doing well's the point
The gospels rest on—not belief or faith;
And gospels (good-spells) are not books, creeds, texts,
But truths which free from these the op'ning mind.
The cheering word and wand that cravens smite
Science is answering with veracity;
And glimpse of laws that human life control
May lead to fountains fit to make us whole.
When understood, that essence so sublime,
Electric and magnetic, proving all
Repulsion and attraction, causes have
Knowledge may reach—the age will make new schools.
Psychology and fine psychometry
Acting on inner force, may be to life
As are great suns to matter orb'd and lit.
This *culmic* point where will and vigor hinge,

And fusing motive meets to form the pledge
Of pers'nal uses to the just and true,
Portends great deeds. But goodness must evolve
Greatness to join—the *when* is folded up
In rolling years. The dawn of nobler works
Is visible to minds that mellow grow
Contemplating great duties daily wrought ;
And they have rev'rence due for light and aid
That them enable grandly to perform
Good deeds that folly calls but menial tasks.

To-day's an epoch in the march of time,
And why not in these searching, wandering minds,
These emanations high that live alway,
That act, love and enjoy their own deserts ?
A hallowed work for human welfare planned
Draws Love's strong helps from far infinity ;
And we, if true enough, might wash the stains
Of want and woe from myriads of hearts,
And set ennobling records to the date
Of this thought-glowing year and century,
To stand as courage-pictures to all time.
List ! 'mid the multitude of women round
Rises no voice ? all weak and stupefied,
Unmoved, unnerved—crushed beneath shams, alas !
Crowds should arise, unitedly resolve
That henceforth for redeeming power they'd strive,
And bid me state, as clustering angels would—
Write, ye recording guardians above,
And ye sage annalists, the future's friends—
Write that new radiance illumines thought,
Which, like the jewel glittering in the sun,
Shall give back lovely beamings, rosy hued,

And constant as the flooding rays received.
I'll write that nations labor for new birth—
That Columbia quakes with travail throes
Of outraged freedom, and her star-told States
At length can hear woman's protesting voice—
Concede, in words, her equal claim to rights,
And grant that laws impartial should become ;
But not in deeds are proven true intents.
Might never justified man's mastery ;
Equality alone can bring dear harmony.
Can you bear to be despots, brothers vain,
And longer hang excuse on her weak will ?
The place you've given her makes her what she is.
What will you do to make her stronger now—
Wiser and truer, better in any thing ?
Render her own unto the uttermost ;
And while she's growing useful, still assist.
Your duty all perform, her bravery e'en
Encourage long, atone for past misuse ;
Then, if instead of freedom, health and power,
She chooses manacles, pallor and pain,
Let her stitch, wash, and drag her self-wrought bonds,
Price of the fulsome praise the false bestow.
Expect no growth from such ; the ballot-staff
And perfect laws can't give them happiness ;
But they'll be made no worse ; you, better far,
And thousands of good women will take heart,
Seek health, and worthy citizens become.
Nature commands, be true to every gift ;
Limbs, bodies first, then heads and hearts be free.
Fit opportunity for every power
Is need legitimate, and liberty
Gives the surroundings health can flourish in.

The physical well poised, purely supplied,
Makes a true home, a servant qualified
For a bright intellect's divinest use,
And the unfolding spirit's fullest growth.
These primary conditions firmly laid,
Harmonic reciprocity prevails
In all departments of all faculties,
Till evolution orbs the nature grand.
The spirit's glow is fanned by all the powers,
And renders genial culture while it takes.
No passion's darkling clouds obscure its light,
No enmity's sirocco blast sweeps round
The guarded whole. Justice and love rule there.
I think some persons can accomplish this—
How soon society, or circles small
Attain as much, depends on efforts true.
The better public institutions are,
More readily the members will progress ;
The better individuals become,
More readily good institutions grow.
Where both lack best, and better's largely worse,
Neither may wait, but mend for mutual aid,
And build for each a character in truth
And right so strong, that tower and fortress firm
They'll stand, and throw on all earth's lands,
And thro' long future eras, Righteous Power.

This is the secret of the spotless life,
To dispossess our inner enemies ;
This is the problem sought of public weal,
Justice, by measures nicely gauged, to deal.
This is the day to scan each lurking-place
Whence evils sometimes cheat us unawares ;

To fortify with principle the mind ;
To crown with purity Affection's throne ;
And say to Darkness and its wasting ills,
Roll back apace. All-hallowed be this year !

Shall we not work for Truth, and fill this round
So full of goodly deeds that it may form
A central light that shall forever shine,
A quick'ning flame to guide humanity
Out of delusions class and caste create—
Out of the snares by fraud and avarice laid—
All cruelties which selfishness enacts—
Out of the hardening influence of pride,
And rule that grasps the scrip poor children glean—
Out of the fear that makes all types of slaves
Who get but what they purchase thrice in toil,
Again in yielding life's stores, all summed up ?
Henceforth to all our suffering sisterhood,
Sighing for aid, and struggling brotherhood,
Tho' self-beguiled, and stern with power abused,
Let us impart inspiring thought and hope,
Till they, renewed, gladly embrace true life.
And Love's blest labors let us not forego
Till all our kind in sweet accord hold firm
All rights, and realize pure Liberty.
We will not count our efforts hard or vain,
Tho' given as offerings free to future years
Thro' the suspense and twilight dawn of this.
While sin and grief abound, let faithful hands
Winnow the social atmosphere, and wreath
Love domes and bowers, from tyrant force exempt ;
Where equal choice and counsel mutual
Evolve esteem, and frankness fear supplants.

Our country's beacon-guides that once flashed high
As despot's altar-fires, whose ashes fall
Like nitrous dust from foul volcanic pit
On millions now who feel the scathing spell
As universal palsy thro' the land,
Require relighting in the people's halls—
Searching, exchanging, renovating well
In chambers where they've trusted far too long
Their laws in sordid hands, by bigots swayed.
Democracy is at the heart humane :
Our duty is to regulate this heart,
Bring the rich, wholesome throbs, more normal e'en
Than the sage fathers' Constitution knew.
Its fires should burn so calmly and so clear
That every citizen should feel its warmth,
And know a little tributary burns
On each home hearth, holding in turn the right
Of justice, all impartially secured.

While truth is known, all should a share partake,
Till, as their hero bards, whole nations sing.
Our land so fair, a mingled fate has had—
Has sunk and soared by turns, and hangs at last,
On mid-clouds rent by her fierce eagle's beak.
The strong, lone bird of prey symbols past rule :
When justice tempers law, that emblem dread
Its mission will have finished, and must fall ;
And with it let war's sanguine stripes go down.

In the cold halls, and grievous courts of men
There's need of woman's blending heart and mind.
She is advancing with extended hands,
And courage strong as any martyr's faith.
Her soul has solved the question of life's use—

Has conquered wrongs both abstract and concrete—
Perceives the right, and will secure it yet.
Man slowly learns her value as a peer ;
But will discern his need of just control,
And form a friendship never known before.
United, a new standard will be borne,
White as earth's snows, blue bordered as the skies,
Saying Reason, the conciliating power,
At home, and with the nations takes its place.
Beneath its folds, by equal blessings nerved,
Woman and man a prosperous peace will earn.
Then may the New Years shine the old ones out,
And joyous offspring smile rich thanks on us.

Oh, grand will be Time, as his cycles he wingeth,
When to each blest being its birthright is given !—
Bright garlands will fall from the scythe that he
swingeth
To partners who follow by eights, not by sevens—
And blissful be life when full freedom it bringeth
To build o'er the earth the sweet homes that are
heaven's.
Can't the weak comprehend what the strong-minded
singeth ?
We'll walk even paired when we govern by evens.
If this rhyme jars the tympanum bells that it ringeth,
Accept the trite figure of tens, not elevens, [bringeth,
Till Right makes earth rhythmic with songs justice
· And concord prevails from the mates to lone Evans.

The good time foreseen by all sages is coming—
Stern monarchs relenting, make Christians seem
kinder ;

The wheels of the laborers' chariots are humming;
Some bishops confess the old creed an eye-blinder;
Sect schools to progressive lyceums are running;
And churches to circles with ghosts for reminder;
We'll waken some New Year relieved of sect-stoning,
And seeking the Grundy myth, less vicious find her.
A grave query enters this hasty up-summing—
Who named scandal "Mrs." and screened man behind her?
God Grundy's vile service is tyranny's cunning;
Sin-harnessed, sex-masked, to transmute, we'll unbind her.

RESPONSIBILITY AND STRIFE ARE FATE.

Truth only drives dread from the knowledge that law
 Makes reason of action responsible guide—
Bids conscience with motives the balance-line draw,
As auditing counsel expunge crook and flaw :—
 Effects are deserts, Fates to causes allied,
 Deeds are germs that develop, their fruits we abide.

Conception commences an endless account
 On the annals of time, on the records of life—
Compels an existence no power can surmount,
No changes subvert ; it creates a new fount
 Of perpetual flow, mingling factors of strife,
 Mid identities rushing with selfhood as rife.

The struggle for physical comfort begins
 The conflict that clean takes us o'er hedge and mire ;
Or trails us, scarred, smeared, thro' old, dull, sordid
 sins ;
A course that dead praise, but no living fame wins ;
 For freedom that soars dwells in traits that aspire,
And bondage that gropes follows downward desire.

As sustenance ignorance gathers some bane;
But guile supplies much, and gloom heavily lours—
Health blighted, strength wasted, ease ravished by
 pain;
Sick sufferers sigh, life is loss, never gain—
Still hope, and seek healing for paralyzed powers,
Yet few ask of earth's balmy fountains and bowers.

Young minds query closely, false answers are taught;
Snares mock trusting candor, o'ershadow with dread;
Profession's assent is by flattery bought;
Nursed cowardice blooms in hypocrisy wrought:
 So long have sham customs and masked vices led,
 Men are weaklings with hands, knavish tyrants are
 head.

Shall long last this torpor that honor defiles—
This languor of thought, def'rence paid petty lords,
For a place in the circle, a walk in the aisles
Of a church that reciprocates sycophant smiles—
 With patronage selfish and venal rewards
 The count, aid and influence a member accords?

Hypocrisy all! from the doctrine to start,
The wealth that is prompter, the power it wields,
To the silent dissent in the dupe's wretched heart,
Thrice bartered, in conscience, the chancel, the mart;
 The innocence there only ignorance yields;
 Research, Reason's umpire, is fenced from the fi'lds.

'Tis asked, " What's the matter, that things go askew?"

Greed of sway and of gain, plied by arts that pollute,
Infecting codes, commerce, faith, morals all thro';
Transmissive, contagious, grows chronic, and too,
Some cases, as erst, are so keenly acute,
They pillage, imprison, and statutes refute.

It has made, thro' the Church, what's respectable termed,

Tho' the honest and pure should its sanction deny;
Want and discord diffused, women's high province
spurned, [learned;
Till flattered, deformed, the slave's role they have
Hence, their sons unfold cowards, or rogues who
Sweet justice that Liberty prostrate may lie. [defy

Stupid men, know you not it is happier far,

And easier battling with wrongs as they rise;
Firm monarchs of manhood, Truth's ray your fixed star,
Leading where tranquil virtues no treachery can mar;
Than warring with selves in an odious disguise,
Knowing crime-tinged and trait'rous are all grades
[of lies?

It is joyous and grand to move on with an aim

At goodness that cheers and ennobles our kind;
Swerving not from high principle, scorning the name
Caste and pride seek in crushing the many; 'tis shame!
Life more than compensates, crowns, sceptres the
mind
That loves all, and labors their chains to unbind.

Souls seeing the wrong, in clear view of the right,
Knowing each is prolific, and contests abound,
Are stars of bright dawns shedding peace, love and
Or counterfeits fighting for booty and blight; [light,
The fruits of their choice furnish blessings profound,
Or woes that thro' nations and centuries resound.

Dear women, who should be glad mothers of joy,
Rearing daughters and sons who delight to be true,
Will you longer drag lives thro' pursuits that alloy—
Lend talent, time, gold, to designs that destroy?
Your follies stand bare in the world's open view,
As frauds that evolve and environ them do,

Condemned by the knowledge this age has achieved,
Its science that cause in result comprehends—
Its tests teaching burdens may all be relieved
By the light that's abroad, tho' the half's unperceived:
On heeding kind Nature redemption depends—
Strength thro' her lived laws myth and malady ends.

Weak, vain and submissive, your vast needs beget
More ill than worse fathers less laden in thrall.
You passions attemper, teeth edge, limits set—
Fell fashions tell misers you're their vassals yet.
But you plead your are old, and your influence small;
With beauty, the wand of your youth, had its fall.

This hackneyed excuse with your pride disagrees,
The low line of influence loved it betrays :
Let it pass. The incentives high purpose to seize,
To grapple with all that promotes reckless ease,
Should stir every breast with a zeal that displays
A patriot's spirit these perilous days.

As women, your influence owns special sway ;
As mother's, 'tis sacred, and world-wide extends :
All despots subsist by your slavery to-day ;
So your duped and enticed their behest to obey—
To give care and service, and cleave no amends ;
Your thraldom makes darkness where fraud with
might blends.

The old are exemplars, their notions and ways
Are typed on young brains to enact o'er and o'er ;
'Tis theirs to change errors thro' which childhood strays,
Leave wisdom to warm the next age with its rays : [lore
Grandmatrons guide mothers who hand down the
By practice improved, progress-stamped evermore.

Evils ventured till weighty are hard to displace ;
Crafty schemes spread and thrive by them, league
with the State :
Can you still help them flourish, and sink in disgrace
The worth of these bodies, these minds, the whole race ;
This country so rich, once so free and elate ;
With it others, war-scarred, and fix serfdom a Fate ?

Dreaming women, awake ! spurn the modes that reduce
Your sphere to life-poisoning, while gold kings re-
joice.

Your soundness brings right-ruling, hallows best use,
As blemish bears taint, and lays ethics obtuse.

Some Warfare you foster with action and voice ;
Cleanse your kind, free the globe by it—this be
your choice.

SURROUNDED YET ALONE.

Alone ! and crowds in action map the world
With towns too large and full, by many times ;
With roads o'er which vast multitudes are hurled,
Commingling peoples from earth's varied climes.

Countries with hamlets bloom from coast to lake,
And thence to mountains, plains and valleys o'er ;
Language and usage differing, serve to make
Fair cause for friendly deeds from door to door.

Yet, 'mid the city's hum, the country's toil ;
On voyage or train, in hall or jostling mart,
Lone mortals wandering, vainly seek to foil
Moods, memories, wants, that haunt the heavy heart.

The ignorant are lone ; with warped eyes gaze ;
Discern not truth ; misused hope hangs a cloud
On life's best course, and dreams of fancied ways,
Unwitting that 'tis weaving wisdom's shroud.

Observant reason might transfer the strife
That wastes soul-wealth ; by science nobly teach
To childhood the rich lore of happy life
Which early knowledge of its worth may reach.

Truth must be taught the young on all their powers ;
Their rightful uses and resultant joys—
Abuses that with sorrows sting the hours
From youth to age, and hope's sweet charm destroys.

When curious queriers grasp the social theme,
Strength has evolved its ethics to imbibe,
And basis fix for minds to grow supreme
Ere fancies false foul facts to truth ascribe.

Adults, the customs vile they imitate,
Are quite responsible for earth's sore ills ;
The curse to cure, they needs must consecrate
Their lives to right ; example thus instills

The saving bent impressed by loving voice,
And leads along the usages they mend,
To humanhood endowed with wisest choice
In ways that goodness makes to virtues tend.

But the mature, the present cultured ones,
Women and men, must grapple now with sin,
Excess, intrigue, enticing daughters, sons,
If they the saving work for them begin.

If not for them begun, through life they'll moan,
As does this age, only in deeper woe ;
For broken bodies bring more vice to groan,
More crime to grieve, as sick souls downward go.

Betimes truth-cultured, girls and boys at ten
Would wiser be in self-ennobling lore ;
In bravery to accept, refuse, than men
Schooled in these craven sects for years three score.

Tho' hedged by fraud, labor could grow sublime ;
Dread disappointments fade with effort's might ;
Ideas great with grand growth gild the time,
And Spirit strength see pleasures infinite.

Not so, vain fawners for poor popular praise ;
By craft and fashion martyred, true use foiled ;
They grope 'neath faults and fears, dishonored slaves ;
Of conscience, rest, love, liberty despoiled.

With guides reformed, life's laws obeyed from youth,
None could feel lone ; poise bears bright company ;
Sad thoughts ignored, bliss sceptres peace, and truth
Is health, high aims, progressive harmony.

THE CRISIS CULMINATING.

Penned Nov. 15th, 286, Era of Science.

Seven honest men sentenced to hang until dead—
They plead the lorn toilers' and poverty's cause ;
Felt the bond that robs millions of respite and bread,
And urged that clear justice prevail in the laws.

Seven murders poor, abject complainers to scare ;
To silence the voice that appeals for redress ;
To display hempen ropes and cold dungeon's foul fare
Which hush words that question the powers that
oppress.

Alas ! that with tyranny wealth should unite ; . . .
Hoard labor's reward, due the masses sore needs :
Command over brethren is earth's baleful blight ;
The hard'ner of hearts that descend to dire deeds.

Alas ! that such sway o'er itself toil sustains ;
Delving early and late its old pittance to claim :
While wealth feasts in mansions, elate in its gains,
Poor-pay has scant huts and the menial's mocked
name.

False motives have stealthily followed the State ;
 The bane of dark ages infused till the soul
 Of genial Democracy, cherished of late,
 To av'rice, guile, flattery and tithes yields control.

Vain pride and excess the sweet virtues deflect ;
 Shrine-service, cross-worship and god-fear enslave :
 This base allows craft, creed and myth to project
 Rules that hold masses servile and martyr the brave.

False customs, fell weakness, caste-grievance ensue ;
 Conceit brands dissent, cowards, treachery increase ;
 Corrupted transmissions infect life all through :
 Results now exclaim, where is freedom and peace !

Who answers by purging the vice-sodden cause,
 Cleansing bodies that motive, minds, morals be pure ?
 Hygienists the few who live Nature's thrift laws [cure.
 Which priest's style's and stimulant's victims would

When numbers dare scorn evils popular now ; [light ;
 Live the worth of dear truth, trusting Reason's clear
 By voice, pen and act teach the way to endow [right,
 Human life with sound functions self-guiding in

The crowd will list gladly, more ready to heed
 Than thinkers to help those vile leaders abuse :
 Wide lack of staunch character makes the first need
 Ignoring repute judged by general views.

To-day's common standard, church-born, fashion-badged,

Grundy-watched, scandal-forced to conform and up-hold,

Is sceptre and rack-pit, its wars ever waged. [mold.

True standards, health-poised, only just measures

These sought, would commence at the root of the case,

Rear strength that all persons, all nations require;

Means wisely employed would the gold-kings displace;

A people self-owned would let pope-kings retire.

All tyranny, founded on fraud, leans atilt—

By ignorance nursed, is itself a huge slave;

Yet its passion for conquest, its daring in guilt,

Are but quell'd by the vigilant skill of the brave.

Right, radical Justice, her scale to hold sure,

Must see that no greed goes on clean plate or pan;

Must culture to integral strength, firm, secure,

Her country impartially, woman and man.

The price of blest Liberty's never too great—

Pay it, scientists, liberals, 'tis late for the work:

Jesuits capture the courts and o'eride the frail state;

Serve the whole, or be torture-served, both ye can't shirk.

HEREDITARY FEAR.

The shadow of a spectre bars the light
Freedom would flow on curious searching thought ;
The chambers darken where the pictures bright
Of happy lives and loves sweet hope has wrought.

Mysterious pressure on each household falls ;
Unsolved the whys of usage, rights and laws ;
No equal status genial service calls, [and flaws.
And hearts, minds, deeds, are stamped with fears

A fresh, spontaneous exercise of soul,
Cherished and rendered gladly, frankly, free,
Is wealth unknown amid the slavish whole
Where fear is fate, and cowardice the key.

The scandal of a fool's lip wields a power ;
Sarcastic smile and frown as arrows fall ;
And fearful natures, falt'ring 'neath the shower,
Seek the sham umbrage called respectable.

Tho' thin of character, of virtue weak,
The Church its basis, vanity its plume,
The shelter answers what these times bespeak,
When spurious laws a kindred cast assume.

Where fraud and bribe the scroll of State deface,
Councils their trust with sordid treachery smear,
Wrongs plead that Justice public cheats displace,
And Courage chase the masses' servile fear.

Whence the great bent in man to quick obey
The beck of those who wealth and place secure,
Thus making systems popular that sway
By partial rules that make the millions poor ?

What tempers to such flexion woman's mind
That trade-winds of the showcase drift about,
That guise-taught Fancy renders reason-blind,
And pride, priest, fop to suit, shuts selfhood out ?

Ask of our customs, answer by their facts ;
Heredity flows forward all their ills ;
The Church rules man, he, woman ; hence both lack
Volition's rights, and State the role fulfills,

Examples taking, Avarice joins the craft ;
Misers increase, and miscreants ten to one ;
Excess and poverty their victims blast ;
Extremes conflict, but can't each other shun.

More gains to hoard, more peoples to command ;
A fashion-bondage, torturing and severe,
For woman's body viciously is planned ;
And she accepts, being bred and trained in fear.

This, sick'ning vital functions, stifling brains,
Must blight heredity, pollute, degrade
Alike the sexes ; man partakes the pains
His tyranny on maids and mothers laid.

Men, sensing these effects, seeing their cause,
Will you not claim yourselves, true sovereigns be,
Make wholesome customs, just and gracious laws,
Give woman to herself ; thus all heads free ?

And women, suff'ring from the ages' sin,
Will you not courage seize, refuse to bear
What law and duty ask not—once begin
Self-truth, and find how rich the trait, *to dare* ?

Waiting is wasting treasure birthright earns,
And aiding powers your daughters to ensnare :
Patience abused, reversed, to perjury turns :
Complaint becomes a farce for jest to share.

Wrongs need not thrive, dispensing gen'ral woe ;
Life's use is pleasant toil—its boon truth's light.
Wise teaching, living out the best we know,
Fear, force, greed stays ; heredity starts right.

ANNO DOMINI AND ERA OF SCIENCE.

Centuries of faith in gods a trinity,
Called Christian Era, Anno Domini,
Dimly commenced, and doctrines piecemeal laid,
Till conquest nations strong believers made.

A savior as a head and heart for creed,
Framed of choice attributes, supplied the need.
A Church most militant was formed, survives ;
Tho' nearly nineteen centuries old, still strives.

Its sordid sway made misers, bigots, knaves,
Tyrants and cowards tame, all women slaves ;
Hence grew disparites in power and wealth,
Till toil's lost meed is massed by artful stealth.

Popular fame counts fortune schemers good ;
So, avarice sunders trust, sinks rectitude ;
The burdened poor, overreached, discouraged, sad,
In reckless ruling, powerless, pass for bad.

Religious zeal, a mania greed inspires,
Much ignorance, with faith and fear requires ;
Hence other creeds were fought with sword and fire,
And science stayed by cruelties most dire.

Some rays from olden æons glimmered still ;
 The Seasons spoke—the fruits of vale and hill;
 Insulted Reason 'mid the tortures read
 Rich Nature's will, and knowledge had to spread.

A mine of truth and moral purpose filled
 One noble brain that slander never stilled ;
 Its arguments in laughing light assailed
 The bigot's hold, and stake and dungeon failed.

Then burning malice named that smile a sneer,
 And darkest falsehood forced the world to hear ;
 But loving Justice has exposed the shame,
 And graced with honors high Voltaire's great name.

Another hero rose with dauntless mind
 And gen'rous soul to save from thrall his kind :
 Levelled clear Reason 'gainst despotic State
 As well as Church, and earned a double hate.

He, too, was imprisoned, spied from land to land ;
 But good souls saw his worth, and grasped his hand :
 Slander intense was Craft's resort again,
 Yet Paine's prized works glow bright above Spite's pen.

Oppressions base and woman's bonds rebound ;
 The culmic crisis jars the world around ;
 Conspirers dare their proven frauds to use ;
 Labor and letters claim the people's dues.

Strange time 'twill be if Jesuits gain their quest,
Rule reasoners with old rods, refuted texts,
Which all constructions serve they're yea or nay,
As suits the pious case to spare or slay.

This when freeminded thousands glad unite
To lift law, literature, to freedom's height;
When sciences with ethics pure combine,
And schools æsthetic culture art divine—

When Jew and Moslem, Bramin, Buddhist bright,
Skilled orators and scholars erudite,
Our free halls seek with frankly kind intent,
To note the secular and social bent

Of promised liberty, the progress made—
This century's fruits, 'mid guile's unceasing raid;
Our spiritual growth observe, and well discern
The mutual cheer we cherish by return.

When sages of the nations thus exchange [strange
Thought, knowledge, friendship dear, 'tis more than
That lust for sway means power o'er earth to hold
In the name of idols proven myths of old.

Since ages dark of worse than savage force
Broke in the fires that charred brave Bruno's corse,
Progress has moved in more than marching pace,
Till kindly intercourse connects each race.

Those ages in full power consumed the worth
Of sound and civil culture found on earth—
Dispell'd enlightenment, and bound the mind
In withes of dogmas thought's best gifts to blind.

Wisdom of Greece and Ind. was mockery made ;
Egypt's vast records old, in ashes laid ;
And every line that taught of free-born man
And mental light, consumed or hushed in ban.

But evolution wrought as evermore ;
Mind read the stars, found paths from shore to shore ;
Rocks served as books, deep pools sent up a sign ;
Mounts rolled truths down, winds bore them on the
[brine.

The sixteenth century's mental beamings burst,
In spite of Jesuits who the radiance cursed,
So clear and strong, the Church its inquest closed,
And scourged with scandal all who it opposed.

The Science Era dawned, and beacons lit—
Leaves from the press could telling rays emit ;
Inventions whiled the months, and marked the years ;
All things revived through man's abated fears.

Far orbs were measured, mapped in size and place ;
Laws learned that could compute aerial space—
Machinery wrought where strength of muscle failed ;
Art rose akin to skill that erst prevailed.

We're winged by simple steam o'er sea and land ;
We turn electric currents at command,
To fleet through air, beneath the rolling main,
And to and fro report our message plain.

The fire that flashes on the clouds in storms
Our streets and halls illumines, our mansions warms ;
From galleries speaks through tortuous passages ;
And will ere long propel our carriages.

Science bids sunlight copy chosen things ;
Light makes things types, and quick the copy brings,
Which art to life can paint, enlarge, retrace,
And give the future this day's perfect face.

The growth of commerce has been manifold ;
Extent of luxuries may ne'er be told—
Of dress that wrecks health, beauty, warps fine taste ;
Of pageants mocking want with lavish waste.

The masses, creed and fashion-bound, must needs
Gush as blind worship untaught passion leads ;
Nursed ignorance the body's care foregoes,
And prejudice counts freedom worst of foes.

Plain or ambiguous statutes guile makes null—
Freethinkers still are vassals with the whole :
Acceptance of false usage renders naught
Practical influence of the noblest thought.

Men are but free to grade and gather gold ;
The Church absorbs the power in its wide fold
That is by its fixed ways and measures sought—
Holds styles, monopolies, trades, tricks outwrought.

Conformed to usage of the hierarchy,
At best, our nation's but an oligarchy :
The people, trained in ostracism's care,
Catch at vainglory, the divisible share.

Almost three hundred years great minds have plied
Research to learn the truth and let it guide—
Have taught philosophers a double scorn ;
Scann'd human physics, fields occult conn'd o'er—

And with the logic of all times to meet
Grave wrongs, and garnished treachery defeat,
Defenders of the right have firmly stood,
Models of justice and true brotherhood.

With them are women of expansive mind,
And soul attuned to sympathies refined ;
Tho' ne'er endowed with common leverage,
They know the worth of equal privilege.

For pure heredity, right rules, hygiene,
Their voices plead, their pens have urgent been ;
Yet few make wholesome laws of good avail ;
Crowds bow to ton, and countless ills entail.

So, customs, characters, the outcome clear
Of Church, trade, king-craft blent, their offspring mere,
Now stand as backers of each despot's cause,
To wrench dear liberty from lives and laws.

Aggressions cruel mark the struggle's course ;
Constructions false procure illegal force ;
And England's humane heroes sorely feel,
Like ours, hard cells, for seeking common weal.

These serious phenomena to solve
In Science's light, by love, good-wills evolve,
'Mid hopes so fair of free life near and sure,
Few have essayed the cause and seen the cure.

Should the sore price, modern idolatry,
Mocking our higher spirituality
By base compulsion, be a penal fate
For lack of vigilance in care of State—

Of uses practical in habits true
Our knowledge warned us widely to pursue,
And cleanse to bodies firm and motives brave,
The weaklings churched and charmed to snob and
[slave,

Such lack will lay as cause, omission great,
Of earth's best chance its hosts to elevate.
Hygiene neglected yields excess a place;
Hence superstitions mutually embrace.

Strength bears republics—in sound bodies based,
Blooms in staunch minds by moral grandeur graced :
Thus, sanitation is the first behest,
And culture integral secures the rest.

Obedience to trade-craft follies starts
That draw the vigor from the nations' hearts ;
But knowledge lived shuns hoardings that oppress,
And wealth retains where all themselves may bless.

Gladly I read the signs that truths are gained
By which pure compacts rise and are sustained ;
That men express good practical ideas ;
And some e'en work, as well, void of vain fears.

Brave Adler's truth by deeds sustains its word ;
Clear Oswald shows how was and is the world ;
Calm Conway sees the need of ethics schools ;
And many comprehend redeeming rules.

Our press is mostly craven, caste-controlled,
Or pledged to Mammon with persistence bold ;
Some samples "Seek Truth," progress well support,
And *one* frank honor claims by "Open Court."

Science dispels the vanities and fears,
As by true lives it healthy structures rears ;
Its calendar can tone Conceit's ~~true~~ leaven :
The date now stands, two hundred eighty-seven.

MONUMENT IN MEMORIAM.

A

Lily

Snowy White

Its cup o'erflowed with light,
And petals tippt with stars
Brighter than blushing Mars,

Is doubly due, as Emblem true,
To crown a MONUMENT, word-made,
So pure no critic can invade.
Profound esteem these mem'ries raise,
By worth well earned. Truth has to praise
Whate'er EDWIN A. TILLOTSON wrought;
Hence, must this page of pillared thought.
Unselfish motives shown in deeds,
Ripe reason used for highest needs,
Refined in youth his nature all,
As dews exhaled and flakes that fall.

Early was he convinced that nothing less
Than Justice, law ennobling, all could bless;
And consecrating self to Equity,
Sustained the hallowed cause of Liberty
When persecution best reforms assailed,
And weaker minds before its weapons quailed.

His grave he wished devoid of sign, save smiling flowers,
Whisp'ring of hope, peace, love, in summer's rosy hours.
Chased marble wins for tombs no good regards desired,
But dauntless virtues shrined in hearts are gems admired.
Vainglory finds its meed in Lethean repose:
Good deathless is, which Truth shall this Pedestal close.

EXPLANATORY.

The subject of the foregoing Monument was, and is, my faithful brother, a true friend of Progress and laborer for Justice.

Having left no mental work in a form to preserve, I have chosen the three following effusions from his scrips, to make as lasting as my own.

I also subjoin my ever-faithful Sister Fannie's much-admired and feeling Tribute to Tears, as worthy the notice of advancing thought.

M. E. T.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

The sun may pour resplendent beams
 Around our pathway warm and wide ;
Our being were a dreary theme,
A frigid, ice-bound, winter stream,
 Without the Light of Love beside.

Sweet Inspiration's Light Divine
 Might reverence claim or awe require :
Without reflection from the shrine
Of human Love, 'twould coldly shine,
 And fail to fan Devotion's fire.

Pure Mental flame might grandly burn,
 And Star-eyed Science reign supreme ;
Without the Light of Love in turn
To stir his Thoughts on themes that yearn,
 Man's joys were speculation's dream.

On Reason Woman's Love can shed
 A power more truths and laws to see ;
And when earth's glowing rays are fled,
And Soul-filled Love Light beams instead,
 All Science will exalted be.

EDWIN.

M A N N E R S .

'Tis said that Manners makes the man ;
 Yet that's a proposition
For *swells* to demonstrate—I can
 But hold it in derision.

'Tis clear, there are a sort of men,
 Made mostly by the fashion,
Who, if none others lived—why then,
 Supreme their craven passion—

For, brush away what is put on
 For this and that occasion,
And all the man in view is gone,
 With such a slight abrasion.

Nine-tenths of those we meet, who make
 What's termed the best appearance,
Have studied that for but its sake—
 Of soundness they've full clearance.

Manners in sops outgrow the man
 By their o'ershadowing vapor,
Like cellar-sprouts that lay a plan
 To reach a crevice taper.

Demeanor's something, but who takes
Its show for test of being,
Falls out with Nature's plan, and makes
Vain gloss the helps in seeing.

The power of Thought, the *Vis Mentis*,
Is a consistent standard;
Who cannot see it, thereby is
Weak, Shallow, justly branded.

EDWIN.

J U N E.

Their hearts are old, or icy cold,
Who in this leafy, laughing June,
Smile not to see each plant and tree
In verdure, blossom and perfume:
When singing bird, and springing green
With rapture heard, with joy are seen.

Life hath its June—the heart in tune
With Nature in her summer time,
Feels budding pure, and growing sure,
The Hopes and Aims of blissful prime :
Germ, leaf and blossom of the mind,
Yield fruitage for its years refined.

EDWIN.

T E A R S.

What is the lucid gem that flows
From feeling's troubled ocean deep?
A soul-bequest unknown to those
Who feel but just enough to weep.

When Hope's despair the fountains seal
Where surging tides for vent would flow,
Their waves around the heart congeal,
And freeze from eye and lip the glow.

Then Tears are as rich dews from heaven
Upon the thirsty, withering flower—
As manna to the wanderer given—
To desert pilgrim, straying shower.

When on the cheek where roses rest,
For others' woes the pearls appear,
They're heralds of a genial breast
Sublimed by sympathy. Welcome Tears!

FANNIE.

F I N I S.

In closing this volume I say not farewell
To pleasures of music and song that should swell
Into restful accord, now disordered and small,
Tho' souls feel abundance the due meed of all,
And Reason says right rules can answer the call.
My verse unpretentious a tribute assays
To claims for brave action, demand of these days.
Thought paintings are here, tho' faint pictures of mind,
And glimpses of treasures all hearts yearn to find ;
With clues to sore agonies forced into nerves,
And burned into flesh that kind comfort deserves. [o'er,
Keys to lessons are here, doubtless learned o'er and
And lost in the struggles for conquest of yore,
Ere strife that's recorded taught men to be knaves,
And women knave's valets, and both craven slaves.
The heinous oppression of epochs agone
Survived, brother torture has preyed life upon
Thro' centuries counted, known truth to suppress,
And still right is powerless the wrongs to redress.
Courage slowly evolves from submission to might ;
But nations are grappling with long brooding blight ;
And progress is seen—special efforts avail—
The strength of great motives some strongholds assail.

The fear-palsied mass must be cultured to see
That great change is wrought by each little degree ;
First false habits mend which will good customs mold,
Sound bodies supplying firm minds truth to hold
Till vigilance gathers the power to be pure,
And goodness, supplanting fraud, justice makes sure.
So 'tis Education in Life's simple ways—
In Nature ; and Science is scattering her rays.
'Tis Physique endowing, and character too,
That basis provides for the noble and true :
And it will be laid when the lovers of right,
For human purgation in earnest unite,
And steadfastly labor for Liberty's day
Thro' brotherhood, sisterhood, equal alway ;
Sanitation the measure insuring the sway.
My earth-eyes would see sordid sceptres laid down—
Sweet Mercy sustained 'stead of mitre and crown—
See Temperance hale 'stead of loathsome excess,
And harmonic Competence all peoples bless.
Achievement so vast for this world may be won
By unselfish kinship, a work just begun.
For this do I labor, 'mid warped mortal sight,
All cheerfully off'ring a hope-inspired mite ;
And since now expecting to aid when unseen,
Say simply Good-by times and changes between.

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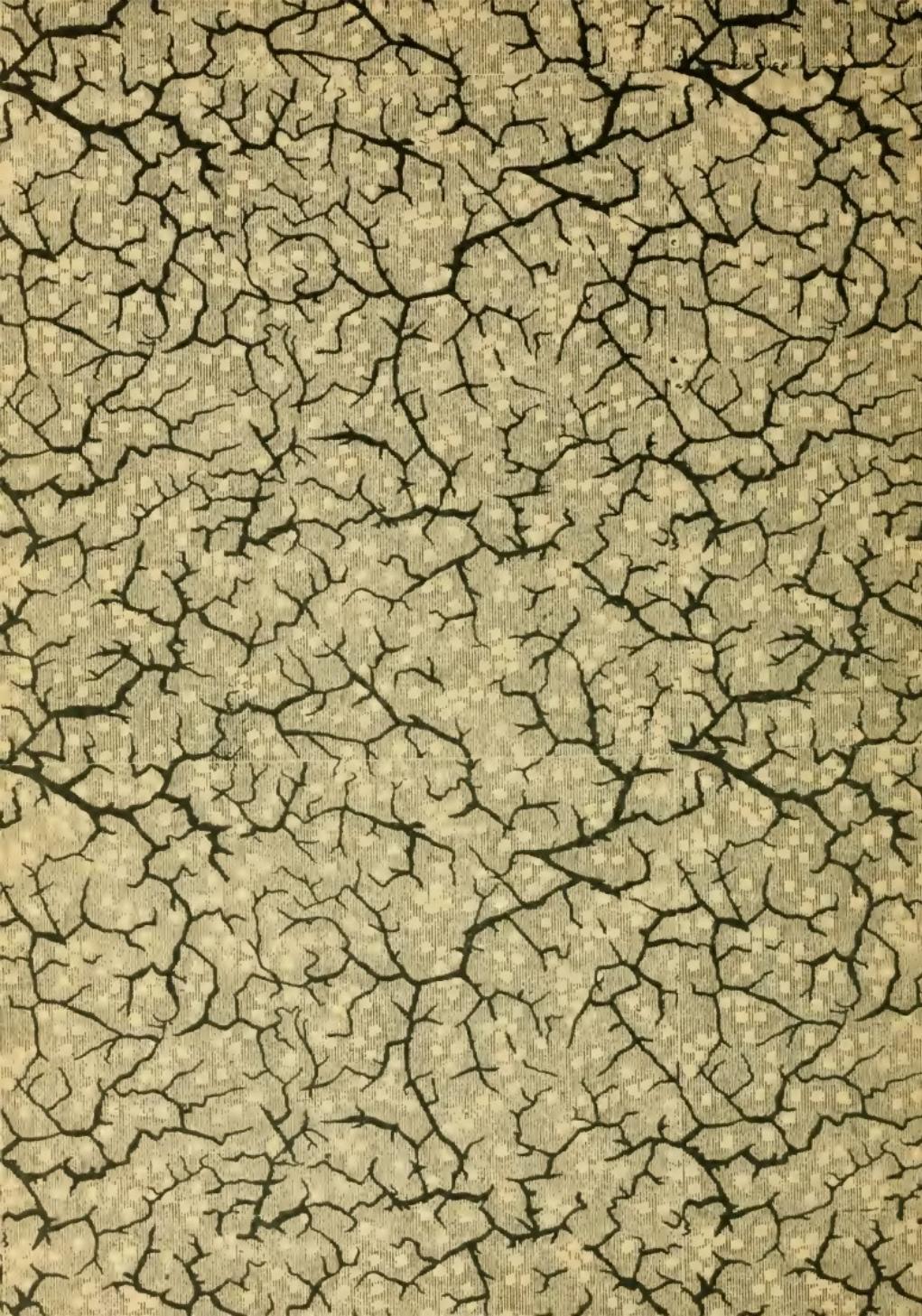
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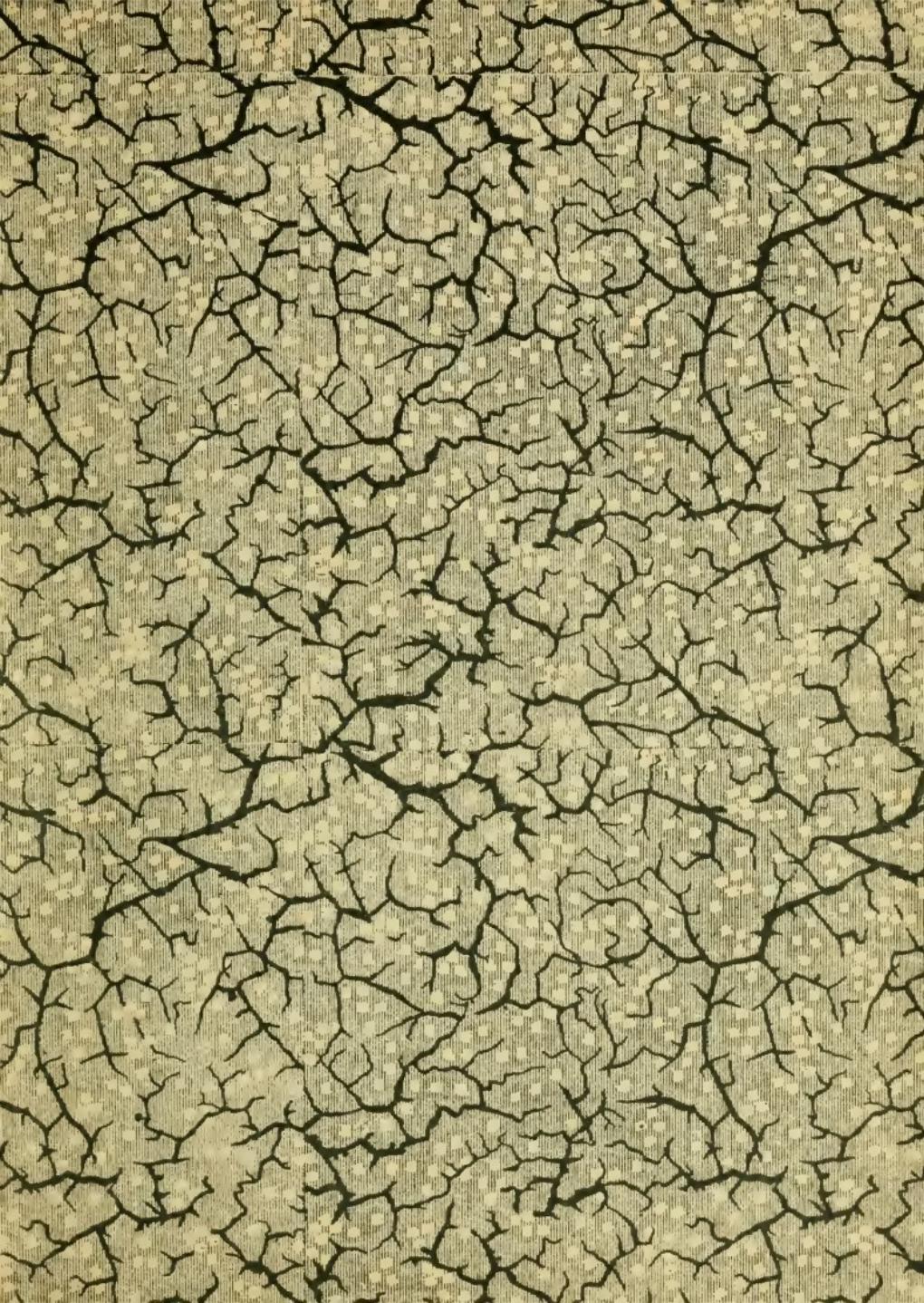
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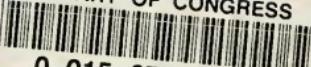
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